TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

"Suppose Mars is inhabited, what difference will that make to us? We can't talk to 'em, go to war with 'em or borrow money from 'em, so what's the good of bothering about 'em, anyhow!" exclaimed one of the pick and shovel men who are laying the electric street car track, to a group of attentive companions. This is the practical way of looking at it—what would be the advantage of discovering other races in the universe when we cannot make a few dollars out of them! This is the same spirit which actuates some men in urging that the political destiny of Canada shall be settled on rigidly financial considerations, as though life had not charms before dollars were ever coined. They would have us to be practical, which means to be calculating and sordid. Ambitions, affections, emotions, pleasures are made subsidiary to purposes of gain in the false and glittering arguments of those who tell us this continent must be one. On earth we are getting too practical and mercenary, but as Mars was launched in space long ages before the earth sailed out on its initial cruise, I expect its people, if it is peopled, are away ahead of us. What they are now we will be if we continue to progress, and if we progress on the lines at present pursued we will be, and they now are, a people for the gods to weep over. Proceeding upon the assumption that they are traveling on a parallel line to ours but are long ages ahead of us, then they have forever left behind the period when men were tribesmen with flocks and herds, the period when they erected cities on the plain, the period when those cities grew great and threw controlling arms over adjacent valleys and sent out armies to maraud each other; the period when all men became warriors and chivalry was breathed in the very air; the period when, instead of city against city, the struggles continued between continent and continent until a refinement of destructive enginery and the influence of peace societies caused war to wane and a new code of national and individual conduct to be erected, in which it was ordained immoral to offer physical resentment to an injury, in which heroics was pronounced ridiculous, fame a mockery, glory a weak dream, loyalty a sham, patriotism a shallow sentiment haunting only vacant minds, and Wealth the one unchanged and unchangeable object worth striving for. And their very God was Gain. Their governments merged one with another, forgetting ancient rivalries until, to cheapen the cost of rule, they all came under one king, chosen in preference to the others because he was willing to reign for less wages than they. With all worthy sentiments discouraged and greed carefully nurtured, all the recreations and pastimes of life have been abandoned because they wasted wealth, the arts have been relinquished as alluring vanities, and no man turns his hand to anything unless with a desire for gain. But the opportunities for growing rich are not what they were, for no longer can the miserly profit in the extravagance of the profligate, spendthrifts and drunkards being unknown. Tippling and other such weaknesses have been educated out of men, not by force of evidence that such things are wrong but by means of evidence that they are expensive and do not pay. All men sit in sly and avaricious wait for a chance to turn a penny by making the most of each others necessities, but middlemen have been done away with and the man who grows corn sets out in search of the man who consumes it. Both producer and consumer refuse to recognize middlemen and consequently the whole commercial stratum as it once existed is abolished, and but three occupations remain, farming, producing for the farmer, and money-lending to each of the other two classes. This is the result of the rush, the anxiety, the greed for gain which has commenced gradually to sway the world until it will master it completely as I am presuming it has mastered the older planet, Mars. With gain the ruling passion, at last it is seen that children rob and curse their parents, wives defraud their husbands, christianity pales away in the cold neighborhood of unmitigated selfishness, and all grow miserly until wealth no longer brings comfort for nothing is purchased save to prolong existence, and greed narrowing to a grosser greed, men cease to buy comforts and luxuries but pile dollar on dollar and gloat over the increasing hoard of metal. And, deteriorated in mind and body, man worships the golden calf and his clothing runs largely to pockets until he wears nothing but a grab-bag around his neck.

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The new and mercenary spirit which has laughed patriotism and loyalty off the stage, which has made the counting-room greater than the sanctury and exalted the stock exchange above the heavens, and Bradstreet above the Book of Life—this sneering spirit seems likely to o'ermaster us, and by the time the Earth is as old as Mars we will be what I have supposed the people of that planet to now be.

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If it should be established that Mars is inhabited by human beings of intelligence similar to our own what an amazing field for speculation would that discovery open up! Would it not breed great confusion and subject the accepted faith to a new attack? Men who are already skeptical would claim it to be proven that life is natural on the planets and not the result of an effort by a Supreme Authority beyond and over them. They would say that the sum total of revelation is insufficient to balance with the discovered facts of science, and they would ask if the great act of Redemption witnessed on this sphere nineteen hundred years ago sufficed for the salvation of fallen humanity on all the countless spheres, and if so, how were all these far-away brethren made aware of it? If this act of Redemption did not suffice, was the divine tragedy enacted over and over again on all the peopled planets? Would not such a view belittle the efficacy of the blood? These are some of the confusing questions that skepticism would ask were it demonstrated that Mars is inhabited. I do not see, though, that such a discovery would at all invalidate the fundamental principles of our religion, because on earth the atonement was rendered necessary by the fall of man, and on Mars the original man may not have transgressed the law and therefore no atonement was required. This opens another charming avenue for speculation. What a delightful thing it is to think of that planet as another earth running in contrast to ours, where men live in the image wherein God made them, where there are no tears, no griefs nor bereavements and life is the grand poem it would have been here had not our first parents fallen! There is being worked out unfalteringly the unmarred, original design of the Creator; here is transpiring towards a mixed and uncertain issue, the marred and perverted plan. If so, life there and here must present a contrast like unto the contrast of eternity. Surely no more ennobling speculation can be indulged in than this and no one of orthodox ideas can resent it as an illegitimate supposition. It is so charming a prospect that if it is rejected it must cause regret, and as no evidence on the point is possibly procurable, its rejection can never be warranted. If Mars is shown to be peopled, it seems to me that this must prove the comforting, the vivifying hope of religionists.

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The newspaper despatches relating how China has demanded explanations from Russia and Afghanistan for occupying territory claimed by the Celestials, and how General Chang with a small army made a gallant but unsuccessful attack upon an overwhelming force of Afghans is likely to cause some of us to have a better opinion of the dozen queued laundrymen of this city. On general principles we despise the Chinaman, more by promptings of instinct, than for any cause or through any definite prejudice. An inward repugnance impels one to shun his oily hand and to avoid contact with his uncouth garb, and a look at his putty face causes one to involuntarily think of the men in sacred history who were smitten with palsy or cursed with leprosy. I believe the general detestation in which these people are held in this western world is as natural as is one's love for his native land. Physically, mentally and morally he is an impossible product of our climate, his presence jars on us—the atmosphere repudiates him, and we are impregnated with the spasms of its repugnance. He is as unnatural and unwholesome as is a weed, grown by stealth to excessive length in the cellar and then transplanted to the sun-lit garden. I like to view this as a matter of nature and climate, and not one of mean prejudice, because by generalizing the explanation we can understand the, to us, inexplicable dislike which Chinamen at home have for those of us who go there to cheat them out of their eye-teeth in a masterful English way. They hate us, and when they get a chance they gratify their hate. It is, I say, a natural incompatability between the fruit of two thoroughly opposite climates. It is incurable, for a man descended through a thousand generations in the harsh and warlike west is as much of a local monstrosity in the drowsy east as would be an Arctic iceberg in the Toong-Ting Sea. There occurs an atmospheric spasm, for what the country cannot produce it abhors to assimilate. Vanity causes us to too readily credit the reports telling how the east is gladly adopting the manners and customs of the west. Nature forbids it. You cannot grow icicles in sweltering heat, nor can there in ten thousand years be developed an Oscar Wilde or an Andrew Carnegie at Pekin.

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But we would have a more cordial feeling for the Chinese if they would rise up and attack some enemy and cease to mob friends—if they would manifest sufficient courage to pile upon some foreign force larger than an evangelist mission, composed of praying men and weeping women. The Afghans are a fighting people and consequently the intelligence that Chang and his army made a gallant attack on excessive numbers reveals a newer and better side of Chinese character than we are accustomed to. If a thousand of them can hold their own against the same number of fierce Afghans, we will forgive their pig-tails and padded shoes, and if they support Chang in his spirited campaign and draw on their unknown millions for all the reinforcements he calls for, then Russia, Afghanistan and England will conceive a touch of respect for them—and it is not fear always but respect that causes the world to treat a fighting nation with decency. People can rave all they please and spin off a fine piece of moralizing on the equality of man, but even the missionaries who seek to evangelize the flowery kingdom, feel down in the human corner of their hearts a strong distaste for those among whom they labor. It cannot be cured so long as there remains a human corner in the western heart and those who oppose the Anti-Chinese crusade are idealists.

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The *News* has very spiritedly urged the Government to stand fast on its rights in case President Harrison should sign what he calls the retaliation manifesto, and I do not think the editor has placed too serious an importance on the necessity for avoiding any show of weakness at this juncture. The Montreal *Gazette* with a plausability of reasoning that would make slavery our pious duty were it sought to be imposed upon us, has shown to the satisfaction of the servile-minded that our Government should comply with the desires of Washington. I have received a private letter from a Conservative member of Parliament endorsing my remarks on the question as contrasted with the stand taken by the *Gazette*, and I believe the country would not allow a tame surrender to be made without a somewhat effectual protest. In a case such as this the independent press, unhampered by considerations of party diplomacy, speaks out the honest thought of the people, and a wise politician should incline an attentive ear. The party newspaper may deem it simpler to make a concession than to run the risk of such a disturbance as resistance might provoke, but in this case the country is not forgetful of the fact that it was the Conservative party which instituted the rebate to vessels making the long haul, and that step should not have been taken unless the advanced position could be maintained. It required no particular foresight to forsee that the Republic, with customary bluster, would object to this discrimination in favor of Canadian ports, and would designate it as a discrimination against American vessels. It was foretold at the time and no person doubted it, that the Americans would claim this to be an infringement of a treaty which they insist we shall respect while they flout it—a treaty which was in the first place an imbecile evacuation of the waters which heaven gave us and our hands made navigable. To say now that this rebate is a trivial matter will not justify the Government in repealing it. To say that would be untrue for it is a large matter to our vessel-men, so large that the rebate was instituted and boasted of as a boon to them. To say that the rebate may be rightly abolished now is an assertion that the enactment of it was wrong, and an admission that our Government at the solicitation of vesselmen and to earn their gratitude perpetrated a wrong upon a neighboring state—a wrong in which it even lacks the courage to persist for descency's sake a little longer. If the desired concession is made, what then are we to think of a Government which, to gratify and win over a small bevy of our people will advance to improper lengths and subject the Dominion to the humiliation of a retreat? This is not the moment for the Government to discover any unwisdom or unfairness in our canal policy; not the moment to deviate an inch from the course we have been steering so confidently of late. Any wrong that was not big enough to need righting a year ago can remain unrighted another year. But there is no wrong in it so far as Canada is concerned.

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It would be very silly for a man to cut his nose off or gouge his eyes out just to spoil a plate on a kodak fiend who was stealing a snap shot at him. It would be quite as silly for us to pout and refuse to take any hand in the great fair at Chicago next year. We must not leave our enemy to state our case to the sight-seeing world; the followers of Hitt and Davis and Fry must not tell unchallenged falsehoods on us, and the only effectual way of meeting such insidious injustice is to send an imposing exhibit of our products and manufactures. A big exhibit will convince all who see it that the northern half of Columbus' northern continent is neither barren nor uninhabited by wide-awake people. To clinch conviction and profit by it we should circulate maps, charts and guide books of such a high class that strangers would not throw them aside unopened, but would carry them to their hotels and read them on the trains. Instead of holding back we should plunge forward in a somewhat altered direction and with a more resolute purpose. Let us not lose such an opportunity for advertising among all mankind the existence of Canada, the chrysalis of a nation as broad and strong as the older one whose guests they are, and which divides ownership of this great continent with the republic. It is the chance of four hundred years. The Canadian railroads should for once imitate the American roads in canvassing for patronage by offering unprecedented rates to induce those in Chicago to visit Toronto and Montreal. The cheap round trip rates should not all lead away from the Canadian cities as they generally do. People should be induced to come as well as to go, for thousands who cross the ocean to the World's Fair will not go back, and we should give them a chance to see us and to settle amongst us if they choose. If we prepare an exhibit with a close-fisted and indifferent spirit we might just as well do nothing, for the results achieved will seem as nothing when placed side and side with the dazzling conceptions of the American mind and the prodigal outlay of dollars. Let us shine at our greatest candle-power.

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The death of Sir Daniel Wilson has removed one of the grand old men whose going gives Canada an intellectual past of which it need not be ashamed. He was a man of decided power, who did not require to cultivate small and flashy arts to attract attention, and this was true of him throughout his long career—true of him as president of the University and as a writer on weighty subjects. He earned an unusual degree of veneration from those about him in recent years and graduates scattered all over the world will always treasure recollections of him. In the libraries of philosophers, scientists and thinkers his volumes will be thumbed and pondered, and in the history of Toronto University his name will stand out with that of Dr. McCaul, an honored comradeship. Some men labor for popular applause and attention and others strive for sterner things, and when they all die it often happens that the latter outstay the former in the affection of posterity. Sir Daniel Wilson is a man who can never be exactly replaced, but without doubt a successful President can be found though not bringing the prestige belonging to the name of him who is gone. The suggestion that Hon. Edward Blake should succeed Sir Daniel is made without reflecting that this member of the Imperial Parliament announced to the electors of Longford that he had severed the ties of his life and had come to them prepared to "consecrate the balance of his days" to their cause. Were this not so I may say, without meaning to belittle a man who in truth is one of my half dozen heroes, that it would seem poor policy for the University to melt down an ideal Chancellor and a benefactor of unexampled generosity into a President of problematical suitableness. In fair strife you learn to admire an able foe, and although the Principal of Queen's College has been fighting Toronto University for twenty years, there are those who say he is the man for the vacancy. They say that if he had had the advantages in the conflict that our University enjoyed he would have wiped the boards clear of all competition; but it is doubtful if Dr. Grant could be induced to quit the College which his genius and industry has re-created. Moreover, they say on the street corners that he is a Tory; as though that had anything to do with it! Prof. Loudon would secure the place if he got his due, and among graduates the opinion is strong that he will get it. Until they grow in years graduates exhibit great faith in humanity; what ought to be will be,

MADAME CARNOT.

Wife of the President of France.

they think. It does not necessarily follow, as all learn soon or late, and some unnamed outsider, for reasons unnamed, may succeed Sir Daniel Wilson. Now that Prof. Goldwin Smith has ceased his guerilla connection with politics it is rather surprising that some bright mind has not suggested him as a possible man for the place.

* *

Edward Hanlan, at the zenith of his fame, was intensely admired by the people of Toronto; of late years he has been winning their sincerest respect. Since he made Toronto a center of aquatic sports people have had many opportunities of seeing that oarsmen are subjected to powerful temptations, and we are beginning to appreciate the solid merits of the man who has been rowing for seventeen years without getting one crooked mark upon his reputation. He must possess a moral fibre uncommon among men who enter sports for money. The crucial point in his career was reached when for the first time he found himself beaten, and I venture to say that if he cared to relate the improper proposals which he rejected, they would be legion. When his victorious progress was over, the revulsion of feeling would have caused a weak man to ruin himself by his weakness, but it developed Hanlan's deeper sources of strength and he accepted his reduced position quietly. Moreover, he conquered the tendency which caused smaller men who have experienced the same rise and fall, to resist the inevitable by boasting and ridiculous displays of vanity. He was as nearly correct a character as a champion oarsman could be, and now as he drops into a smaller place in public attention he succeeds in fitting it comfortably for himself and those around him. The way his nephew, young Duranan, has gone astray at the threshold of a promising career, gives one some idea of what the uncle must have resisted, and the way the uncle is trying to remedy the error of the nephew will have a tendency to save aquatic sports from a disgrace that threatened to injure them with upright and decent people.

* *

The drowning of that woman at the Island the other day should cause the authorities to place signs of warning at dangerous spots. A mother, watching her children wading around in an apparently shallow lagoon, in which I am told children have waded for years, suddenly saw one of her little toddlers disappear beneath the surface. She rushed to the rescue but was herself drowned while a bystander recovered the little boy. It is said that a channel was dredged through the lagoon this spring almost ten feet deep, and children who disported there last year walk in as usual seeing nothing of death lurking six feet from the pebbly margin. The newspaper agitation on this point should cause either warning signs or railings to be put around the place at once. To neglect the matter until the middle of next season would be murderous. MACK.

* *

The fresh air funds come in slowly. Are there not many more fortunate "Excursionist" as reported below who will send a quarter as a thank offering for a pleasant outing on the lake? It will mean a blessing to one or two unfortunates. The secretary of the Children's Aid Society writes to say that $1,000 additional will be required to meet the obligations of the season. The following letter explains itself:

DEAR "PARKS AIR FUND."—After paying for the wreaths sent to the funeral of Sir Daniel Wilson and Dodie McKim, I have five dollars left of the amount subscribed by the graduates of the University and other associate examiners at present engaged at the Education department. I know of no better place to deposit it. Yours, FRED J. MANLY.

The following sums are acknowledged:

Previously reported	$191 35
C. E. W., Niagara Falls	2 00
Excursionist	25
F. J. Manly	5 00
Total	$198 60

Social and Personal.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Dicky of Kansas City, Mo., and Mr. and Mrs. Simpson of Glen Road, are making a short visit at Saratoga, and left for Newport on the 10th.

*

Mr. B. Schreiber was in town last week for a few days.

*

Mr. and Mrs. Willoughby Cummings have gone to the seaside for two weeks.

*

Mr. and Mrs. F. Tremayne of Sutton have been visiting at the rectory, Mimico.

*

Rev. F. G. Plummer and the choir of St. Matthias church are rusticating in a cottage at the Center Island.

*

Miss Johnston of Ontario street is enjoying a two weeks' holiday trip.

*

Miss Laidlaw is visiting at Rochester.

*

Mr. and Mrs. James Pringle and family of Ontario street have returned from the Island.

*

Mr. and Mrs. Fred McQueen of Woodstock were in town this week.

*

The Venerable Archdeacon and Mrs. Boddy and Mr. Alfred Boddy are at Cleveland's, Muskoka, for the holidays.

*

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Simpson and Mrs. Hamilton Merritt are at the Nassauer Hof, Weisbaden, Germany.

*

Mr. and Mrs. Tackaberry and Miss Mary Tackaberry have been staying at Stanley House, Lake Joseph, Muskoka.

*

A presentation of a beautiful marble clock was made to Mr. Joseph Campbell at the General Post Office one evening last week on the eve of his marriage to Miss Street of Cockburn Island. Mr. J. S. Boddy presented the gift in a very pleasing and suitable manner. Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, after the wedding ceremony in St. Anne's church, left for the North to enjoy the pleasures of the Mackinac trip.

*

Miss Cecy Harrison is having a delightful time England, and is at present staying with relatives at that charming seaside resort, Walton on the Naze.

*

Quite a number of merry picnic parties were to be seen near High Park and gliding along the Humber river last Saturday afternoon. Some of the boating costumes were vastly becoming to the bright sunburnt faces.

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On dit, Barrie can now boast of a ladies archery club as well as tennis. The lawn is kept in good condition, and quite a number of members are to be seen playing frequently.

*

Mr. M. Fahey is holidaying in Penetanguishene with friends.

*

Among the visitors at Cleveland's, Muskoka are: Rev. T. C., Mrs. and Miss DeBarras, Miss Gillespie, Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Blackwood, Mr. A. E. Blackwood, Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Macdonald, the Misses Edith and Muriel Macdonald and Master Percy Macdonald, Mrs. A Dallas of New York, Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Green, Master Robt. Green, Mrs. E. M. and Miss Skae, Miss F. Cumberland, Mrs. A. F. and Mr. Duncan Campbell, Master Rex Campbell, Mrs., Miss and Mr. Carleton Davies, Mrs. J. Ward and Miss E. J. R. Baxter of Hamilton, Mrs. H. N., Mr. Harry and Nat Darrell, Mrs. G. H. Birch, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. and Mr. J. Hall of London, Eng., Mrs. W. S. and Mr. F. H. Robinson, Miss Annie Parker, Miss M. and Miss L. J. Johnstone, Miss and Miss R. L. Hunter, Miss C. Eccelstone, Miss Langton, Miss Hardy, Miss L. R. Reid, Mr. Geo. L. Jackson, Mr. J. F. Latimer.

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Mr. Will S. Ziller, of Davis Bros., is in Muskoka for a short vacation.

*

Mr. Trancie Armand has gone to New York to join a party for the seaside.

*

At the Penetanguishene this week are: Mr. S. J. R. Snow, Mr. M. D. Muir, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Smith, Mr. C. W. Taylor, Mr. R. L. Patterson, Mr. J. C. Drewney, Mr. J. Fraser Macdonald, Miss McDermid, Mrs. Wyatt, Miss Wyatt, Mrs. Gibson, Dr. Hoskins, the Misses Stewart, of Toronto; Mr. L. M. Kimball, Miss Alice Howe, of Buffalo; Mr. T. W. Howard, of Toronto; Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Blackwood and family, of Little Rock, Ark.; Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Tisdale, Mr. G. H. Vanallen, Jr., of Orillia; Mr. Leo Frankel, Mr. A. E. Kemp, Mr. R. H. Pyne, Miss L. Taylor, Mr. J. R. Roaf, Mr. Justice and Mrs. Maclennan, of Toronto.

*

Miss Helen H. Moore, of Orillia, is visiting Miss Cummings, of Farley avenue.

*

Mrs. B. E. Walker's summer cottage at De Grassi Point, Lake Simcoe, was the scene of a very successful fancy dress party on August 6. The dance was of an impromptu character, as invitations were only issued a day or two before, and the two general stores at Lefroy were ransacked for the wherewithal to make costumes, sending to Toronto being out of the question. The result was a credit to those who designed the dresses, and Mrs. Walker's drawing-room presented as pretty a scene as it is possible to conceive. Unfortunately the guests were confined to the house owing to a heavy and continuous downpour of rain, which did not, however, dampen anyone's spirits. Miss Constance Temple, as a Swiss peasant, and Miss Helen Macdonald, as an Alsatian peasant, were undoubtedly the "belles of the ball," it being difficult to choose between them; Miss Helen Fuller, whose winning ways are well known to her friends, appeared in a most appropriate costume as Queen of Hearts; Miss Helen McMurrick looked grand and stately as Britannia; Miss Erle Temple, as a little flower girl, was simply charming. Mrs. H. N. Roberts went as Gretchen and displayed an amount of agility and vivacity hardly consistent with her years. Miss Walker looked charming as a Swiss peasant; Miss Genevieve Canniff represented the newspapers of Toronto, conspicuous among them being SATURDAY NIGHT. The best costume among the gentlemen was that of a French cook, worn by Mr. Bertie Macdonald, although he did not perhaps attract as much attention as Mr. Percy Paterson, who went as a colored gentleman, and whose character was more fully carried out by a huge slice of watermelon which he carried with him, and which he generously shared with a rather disreputable looking colored brother in the person of Master Edmund Walker. Among the other costumes may be mentioned, Miss Lillian Walker, Bo-peep; Miss Myrile Walker, Helen of Troy; Miss Kate Livingstone, Martha Washington; Mr. Temple Mc Murrich, Correspondent for SATURDAY NIGHT; Mr. Regy Temple, Italian Boatman; Master Arthur McMurrich, a Jester; Master Ewart Walker, a Turk; Master Carlisle Ellis, a Professor; Mr. Cawthra, Mrs. Macdonald, Professor and Mrs. Alexander, Miss Alexander, Mr. Harry Livingstone, Mr. H. N. Roberts and Mr. Archie Becher of London were also among the guests.

*

Mr. R. N. Gooch of the N. B. & M. Insurance Company sailed from New York per steamship Fulda last Saturday for Genoa. Mr. Gooch intends making an extended tour through Italy returning *via* the British Isles and will be absent from the city about two months.

*

Miss Violet Lemon of Buffalo returned to her home on Monday, after a pleasant visit with Miss Alice Chappell of Sherbourne street.

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The Rosedale grounds were indeed the scene of an immense throng last Saturday afternoon who wended their way to the grand stand to witness the great match between the St. Regis Indians and the Torontos. It was closely contested, and the skilful playing on both sides well merited the repeated applause from the enthusiastic spectators, but the home team, as we all know, came out victorious. The band played exceedingly well, and the different selections were much enjoyed by all present. It is seldom that one has seen a greater number of ladies at an event of this kind, and the numerous stylish and pretty gowns which were so becoming to the fair wearers would take a long time to describe, but I will mention a few of the prettiest. Miss Jones, white *crepon*, with white chip hat trimmed with white plumes; Miss Smith, flowered delaine, with tinted ribbons and *creme* lace hat; Miss Armstrong, blue hat, with hat the same shade; Miss Victoria Mason, pale blue *crepon* and fawn lace, with hat to correspond, trimmed with hawthorns; Miss Hall, white serge, edged with silk cord and leghorn hat with daffodils; Miss Emily Williams, flowered delaine, with vieux rose silk and lace hat; Mrs. Thompson, gray Bedford cloth with steel trimmings; Mrs. H. Schofield, white costume, with sailor hat; Miss Campbell, fawn bengaline and hat the same shade, with pink roses. I noticed also the Misses Cawthra, Mr. Douglas, Mr. Robertson, Mr. Bonnell, Miss Alice Williams, Mr. Cowan, Miss McLean, Mr. Switzer, Mr. Thompson, Miss Johnston, Miss Sutherland and Miss Robinson.

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Another happy party is gathered in Muskoka at the Stanley House, Lake Joseph. The guests, about sixty-five in number, organized a very successful regatta on August 4, which provided some well contested events and afforded much amusement to the spectators. Among the ladies who took part was Miss May Tackaberry of Chatham, who carried off the single scull prize for lady rowers. Some of the other contestants were: Messrs. Hamilton Biggar, A. D. Clark, Will Biggar, Malcolm McBride, George Gordon, Cail Gordon, Kaight and Dr. R. Bray of Chatham. A presentation of prizes, an impromptu dance and a progressive euchre party concluded the day's fun.

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Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Walker have removed to the house lately occupied by Mr. Nelson on Beverley street.

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Mrs. Irving Walker and family have returned from their European tour.

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A clever young pianist, Miss Victoria Mason of Harr Hall, Wellington street west, is about to publish a waltz, of which Mrs. Kirkpatrick of Government House has been graciously pleased to accept the dedication. As the Government House Waltz is both graceful and tuneful in composition, and not too difficult for the average performer, it will no doubt be the favorite during the coming season.

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Among the Torontonians spending the summer at Old Orchard are: Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Green, Miss and Mrs. P. Green, Mrs. J. Ross Robertson and son, Dr. and Mrs. Ketchum, Misses and Miss Annie Foster, Mr. Worthington.

*

Miss LeVallee of Seaton street in company with Miss Ronan has gone on a pleasure trip to the Thousand Islands in her launch.

*

Miss Aggie Noble returned to the city last week after a months' stay at Grimsby, and left on Monday to pay a long promised visit to friends in Buffalo, N. Y.

*

Mrs. Musgrave is spending the summer at St. Catherines.

*

The Misses Nellie and Edith Robinson of 162 Rose avenue, are the guests of Miss Nina Kirk of Galt. Miss Kirk has been visiting in Toronto recently.

*

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Magill are at the Palgunton House, Muskoka.

*

Messrs. Christopher Robinson and M. C. Ellis returned from Europe on Saturday last.

*

Many Toronto people heard with regret of the suicide of Mr. Stewart Dickey at Halifax a few days since. Mr. Dickey was one of the merriest and most entertaining young men in our social and sporting circles, and his death under such sad circumstances has caused many a sigh from hearts honestly sorry for his loss.

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Mr. Alexander T. Fulton, who died recently, has left several charities substantial proofs of his good will. The Boys' Home, Girls' Home and several other good institutions received generous legacies. Toronto University and Queen's College are also benefitted by donations.

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Mr. Percy J. Horrocks, of Grenville street, is spending a few weeks at Denver, Colorado.

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The following are among the guests at the Brant House, Burlington: Mr. Cameron Bartlett and family, Mr. Lloyd Mewburn and family, Miss Osborne, Mr. W. Moore, Mr. J. Middleton, and the Messrs. Bruce, of Hamilton; Dr. and Mrs. Melford and Mrs. McQuaig, of Woodstock; the Misses Davidson, of Toronto; Mrs. and Miss Austin, of New Orleans, and Captain Eckley, of Buffalo.

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The following are rusticating at Gull Island, Lake Rosseau: Mr. R. O. West, Mr. G. West, Mr. Burgen, Dr. Burgen, the Misses Myers, M. Myers, Botsford, Gourlay, Morrison, Watson, Burgen and Addie Burgen of Toronto, Mrs. Dr. Cruickshank of Windsor, Miss L. Cruickshank of Windsor, Mr. R. Gourlay of Strathroy, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Cordingley, Miss Leeming and Miss J. Leeming of Toronto Junction, Mrs. and Master Harrison, Miss Cruickshank, Miss L. Cruickshank and Miss Keefler of Weston.

*

Hamills Hotel, on Lake Joseph, has been this year the scene of many pleasant reunions of summer acquaintances, those having once visited this lovely spot are sure to go again. At present there are registered there: Prof. L. J. Cornwall of Ingersol, Misses Ellie and Annie Robinson of Brampton, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Hopper of Claremont, Miss L. Capreol, Mr. and Mrs. W. Copp and child, Mr. and Mrs. Rogers, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Bell, Mr. Holden, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Harcourt and child of Toronto, Mrs., Miss Gertie and Messrs. Leonard and George Huggard of Woodstock, Mr. R. W. Sawtelle of Woodstock, Mr. W. P. Christie of Severn Bridge, Mr. Frank Cross of St. Catharines.

*

Mr. William Crocker is spending his holidays at Mount Clemens, Mich.

*

The Toronto Police A. A. Association hold their tenth annual tournament at the Baseball grounds next Wednesday. Toronto folk are with good reason proud of their athletic and manly police, and a large number of spectators will doubtless admire the prowess of the stalwart exponents of law and order.

*

The cyclists have their monster meet at Rosedale this afternoon and Monday afternoon of next week. Zimmerman, the American rider who left the English and Irish riders "standing still," as they expressed it, has been in town for several days and made many friends by his modest and gentlemanly demeanor.

*

Mr. and Mrs. John Blair of Shelburne celebrated their golden wedding on last Saturday, and were the recipients of many handsome presents and an address printed on old gold satin which was presented by the members of the Blair family. Five sons and three daughters of the worthy couple were present, namely: Messrs. Francis, James, Benjamin and Cornelius Blair of Shelburne, Mr. W. H. Blair of Arthur, Mrs. M. Williamson of Shelburne, Mrs. G. B. Richardson of Elora, and Mrs. R. H. Galbraith of Hillsburg.

*

A quiet wedding was solemnized Tuesday afternoon at 3 p.m., at the residence of the bride's father on Wellesley street. The contracting parties were Mr. Ephraim Lyon, of the Buffalo *Morning Express*, Buffalo, N. Y., and Miss Ada Downes, second daughter of Mr. Geo. C. Downes of this city. Mr. Lyon is the second son of Mr. R. A. Lyon, who for some years represented the District of Algoma in the Local House, and is a graduate of Toronto University and an old Upper Canada College boy. The bride was attired in cream delaine with China silk and real lace trimmings, and carried a bouquet of bridal roses. She was attended by her sister, Miss Downes, in a costume of gray cashmere. The groom was attended by Dr. Silverthorn, also an Upper Canada College boy. A splendid display of presents gave evidence of the popularity of the couple. After the wedding breakfast Mr. and Mrs. Lyon departed on a tour up the lakes and will shortly take up their residence in Buffalo. The ceremony was performed by Rev. G. N. Wye of Amherstburg, Ont.

*

The following have registered the past week at the Peninsular Park Hotel: Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Chapman, Dr. Barter, Dr. Weir, Mr. Launcelot Bolster, Mr. and Mrs. Scanlon, Mr. and Mrs. Lynch, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Wade and family, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Brock, Mrs. J. H. Cameron and family, Miss Ramsay, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Crowther and family, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. A. Wilson of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Barrister of Pittsburg, Pa.

*

Miss Helen King with her guest Miss Dora of Charleston; Illinois, who has been visiting her for a fortnight past, departed for Muskoka on Thursday last.

*

Miss Annie L. E. Downey of Dunn avenue, Parkdale, is visiting friends in Merritton.

*

Miss Lavanche McCabe of 30 Spadina avenue has returned home after a very pleasant trip to Saratoga Springs, N.Y., and Atlantic City, and will spend the remainder of the summer at her father's summer residence Apfelhof, Bronte.

*

The Misses Tomlinson of Berkeley street have just returned from a very pleasant trip on the Upper Lakes.

*

Miss Minnie Blackall is spending a few weeks with her cousins in Buffalo.

*

The entertainment given last Thursday evening at the I. A. A. club rooms was not successful. Mr. Bertie Platt gave a cornet solo of remarkable power and was enthusiastically encored. Mr. Schuch and Miss Thomson sang with their usual verve and gave great pleasure to an admiring audience. Mr. Christie charmed the Islanders with a capital recitation entitled Good-bye Jim. Mr. Burnett kindly gave a flute solo and recitation from Longfellow, and Miss Labatt performed a brilliant piano solo, although the inferiority of the instrument did not allow her to do herself justice. The farce comedy called Scandal by Miss Marion Chadwick was received with deafening applause, and great disapointment was felt by the audience, more especially by a certain stalwart youth, that the fair dramatist was too shy to respond to the call for "author." Miss Tiny Rathven as Lady Willowsby played the girl wife with her usual abandon, although she might have been a trifle more demonstrative in the first scene. In the first act she wore an excessively pretty yellow silk tea gown and in the last a sweet frock with a pink sash and big picture hat, in which she appeared a picture of coquettish grace. Miss L. Preston, who had never acted before, make quite a "hit" as Katie, and looked charming in her housemaid costume. Miss Louie Chadwick was capital as "Louisa," and we can fancy how the men in the audience must have trembled at her dire threats of what she should do with her future husband. Miss Chadwick surpassed herself as Mrs. Gadabout Gadsley. Her exit and entrance were capital, her make-up splendid, and one lost sight of the charming young lady who played the part, in the odious old scandalmonger of her representation. The rest of the company were very good, as amateurs, but she might easily have passed for a professional. Mr. Norris, as Lord Willowsley, acted a difficult part well, and worked the character to the

(Continued on Page Eleven.)

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SPECIAL NOTICE

In order to give our artists an opportunity to visit the centers of fashion we have closed our dressmaking rooms until August 15, when we will be able to show new dress materials and trimmings suitable for Fall Costumes, and will complete orders on the shortest possible notice.

The latest materials for Bridal Robes always in stock.

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TORONTO

In Our Midst

WHEN a bride comes from Japan to get her wedding finery in Toronto, it says something for Toronto. Such a happening was remarked on to me one day lately, and from talking of weddings and wedding gowns I came to looking at some of these dainty belongings, which were truly beautiful and tasteful. The stately *robe de noce* was of soft cream bengaline, of the richest texture, made with princess train, and petticoat of rich French guipure. As the fair bride is slender in a marked degree, the cunning French modiste had shirred the front of the bodice in horizontal folds, which were disposed in pleats along the line of fastening, coming softly from beneath the arms and giving body and dignity to the bride's willowy waist. The train was bordered with French guipure down the sides, and across the foot an original garniture of two bands of cream ribbon was fastened at intervals by a *chou* of guipure, or a true-lover's knot of the ribbon. The *gigot* sleeves were finished with a soft puffing, and the neck trimming was the same.

•

I saw a couple of *chic* gingham gowns on King street one day lately. The one which attracted me most was of dark red and pink tartan pattern, with a yoke and cuffs of black guipure lace, black gloves, black chip hat with three dark red roses nestled in a bed of guipure lace and ribbon, and a black sunshade with a curious checkered border of red and pink, made up a striking and Parisian costume. The second was a broken plaid of navy blue and white, with pointed yoke of Irish crochet and long cuffs of the same. The sun hat was trimmed with Irish guipure, and white *suede* gloves covered the dainty fingers which held the white enamelled parasol handle and the dainty shopping reticule of white kid bound and clasped with silver. Dark blue cloth Louis shoes with silver buckles and stockings to match were adjuncts of a very trim and elegant morning frock.

•

The suspender fad, which has been largely taken up by those young girls who embrace novelties which cost almost nothing, has developed into many a hideous travesty on the trim neatness of the plainly stitched shoulder brace. I notice that a girl has tried to hang herself with her braces, so we must concede that the fashion has developed a masculine weakness hitherto unknown among the gentler sex.

•

Among the neat inventions which have come under my notice lately is the Rushforth hair-curling pin, a combination warranted to curl straight hair in fifteen minutes. After a trial I can recommend it to those ladies whose fringes are inclined to straightness, though I must confess I have given the curling pins longer than fifteen minutes to do their work in my own case.

•

Triple ruffles are around the upper part of sleeves of wool gowns, giving a fuller effect from armhole to elbow than the Russian over sleeves. A puff of tulle is worn high around the neck, starting inside the high straight collar of the dress. It flares slightly in the fashion of the Medicis collar, but is merely an inch and a half wide when finished. The tulle is doubled, and may be given a crimped effect by thrusting a round stick within and massing it together. It is black or white to correspond with the trimming of the dress. Some new arrangements of ribbons are on imported summer gowns. A large broad bow of ribbon set on the chest, and quite covering that part of the corsage is a late Parisian fancy. From this bow ribbons descend on each side of the waist, and are taken up in the back to form a similar bow to that in front, put just between the shoulders, from which fall long ends, making the Watteau effect. Another dress has ribbons from the chest bow going down to a point at the waist line in the back, and then knotted in upright loops. A third fancy is that of making the ribbon outline a deep apron, having a large square bow of four loops tied almost at the foot of the front breadth, each loop tacked to the skirt to keep it well spread in shape. The ribbon then curves up each side of the skirt to meet the waist line in the back, and drops thence in long sash ends. Velvet ribbon, moire and satin are used for these decorations, and it is necessary that the ribbon be double-faced, as both sides are shown in different parts of the trimming. A box-pleated ruche or *fraise* of ribbon is on many French dresses. The preference is for a folded collar band of ribbon fastened in the back or on one side with a small *chou* or a butterfly bow. Braces of satin ribbon are folded to a point in front and back of the dress waists, then box-pleated very full on the shoulders at the top of the wide sleeves.

•

Among the most attractive costumes worn at the sea side are those of white or pearl gray wool, and others of bright red or navy blue made in Russian fashion. They are trimmed with bands of cross-stitch embroidery done in very gay rich shades on light-colored dresses, and in very pale tints on the dark woolens. Thus a white serge dress has a belted Russian blouse and bell skirt, with the collar, wristbands, belt, and all the edges wrought in bright blue and red, with some yellow stitches thrown in. A new white *crepon* for summer wrappers is faintly striped with green and yellow, and is so sheer that it requires a lining of thin white silk throughout. The only seams are those under the arms, and a sloped back seam like that of bell skirts. A short belt crosses the back, and the fulness is gathered under it Green ribbons, sewed in the side seams, are tied in front. The fulness of the front is shirred just below the collar and the shoulder seams are smooth. Knife pleats of the *crepon* bound with green ribbon form the high collar, and a bretelle frill of the same trims the bust, curving down from the top of the sleeves in front and back alike. The large sleeves have pleated frills falling over the wrists. Watteau wrappers for very cool wear in one's own room, or for breakfast gowns in one's own home, are of white nainsook with a yoke of open-patterned embroidery in guipure designs. Similar gowns are of white India silk, with Irish point-lace for the yoke and in a jabot down the front, also has a flounce around the foot. A bow at the throat and a waistband are of gauze ribbon—yellow, heliotrope, pink, blue, or green, as the wearer chooses. House dresses made somewhat in Russian fashion are of thin white wool striped in darning stitches of colored crewels, two of rose pink near together, and one of black between, or else mauve and yellow in close stripes with dark green between. These are in two pieces, a gathered skirt and a belted blouse, the front like the Russian blouse, the back in a flowing Watteau pleat. The trimming is a narrow black gimp or passementerie in many cord loops laid in rows around the top in the shape of a curved yoke, and strapped around the lower part of the pleated sleeves; the armholes, the collar, and the belt are also bordered with the gimp. Nainsook morning dresses are also made with a belted blouse, that part below the belt extending over the hips in Russian length. Bands of pink or pale blue Chambery attached to the dress with herring-bone stitches and the dainty trimmings. Rows of these bands an inch wide are down the front of the blouse, and form an edge to the Byron collar and turned-over cuffs. Around the skirt are graduated rows of the Chambery from one to four inches wide.

LA MODE.

The Bright, the Morning Star

For Saturday Night.

Thou morning star that lingers long,
On threshold of approaching day;
Thy light so steadfast, clear and strong,
Has taught a broken heart to pray,
For when on thee with tear-dimmed eyes;
Despairing unto death I gazed;
Then first it was I did descry,
The source whence in thy glory blazed,
And what to me had long been sealed,
As light of life did stand revealed.

A crown, a crown of victory, now
I knew by suff'ring was won;
And only would adore the bow
Of those, who say Thy will be done,
And hard, though hard it is to say;
The stricken soul to soothe and tame;
Thou given hast, and taken away,
My God, still blessed be Thy name,
In time of sorrow old Thou me,
To say amen, so let it be.

J. CUNNINGHAM-DUNLOP.

By Contraries

Office boy—Please, sir, can I go this afternoon? I want to go to a ball game.

Boss—Great heavens, boy! Is your aunt dead?

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ONE dollar will do it. Were it any other than clearing sale times several dollars would be needed. But throughout August you've the choice of about 200 jackets at one dollar each.

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Uncle Josh—What I do? I fin' out de place whar she run ter an' tell de perlice of dey ever catch me dar ter 'res' me fo' a crazy niggah.

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"No," returned Euterpe. "But this rejection does not imply lack of literary merit in your offering. It may be that I have plenty of such material on hand."

But Shelley had died. He knew now how hopeless his suit was.

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CHAPTER I.

BY FATEFUL THAMES.

"Oh!" exclaimed the woman, drawing back on the threshold, "it strikes so cold and damp. It smells of the river. It is like a grave."

"Like a grave!" cried the man angrily. "What on earth more can you want than a palace? Why, come in and look round."

"And this awful place is to be our new home! Frank, it will kill me in a month; in a week!"

"Nonsense," said he soothingly. "How can it do anything of the kind? Why, the site was selected because of its salubrity."

She put her hand on his arm and said tremulously, looking up into his face with pleading eyes. "Frank, let us go back to Hoxton, let us go anywhere in the world away from this. I feel as if I had already caught a chill. The place smells like a vault. Frank, you do not want me to die! You don't want to get rid of me! I know I am not strong, but I shall be better by and by. All my friends looks that you once thought so much of are not yet gone. Is all your love, darling? You used to be very fond of me when we were married first, and before we were married. You are not tired of me? You love me a little still?"

Husband and wife were now in the great hall, and the man had shut the door leading from the yard at the rear.

"Did anyone ever hear such ridiculous nonsense!" cried he impatiently. He had led his wife to a seat and was striding agitatedly up and down. "She knows I've been out of collar for a long time, and now when I get a chance of this place, rent free and a salary besides, she thinks I have brought her down here to kill her. Pollie, aren't you ashamed of yourself?"

"I may be unreasonable, and I may be silly, she wept, burying her face in her hands, "but I am not strong. I have not got back my strength yet. It will come back soon—if—if we do not stop here. But if we stay here I know I shall die."

"Upon my word, Pollie, this is past bearing, and you must not expect me to put up with any more of it longer. You know all I have

"TAKE ME AWAY OR I SHALL DIE."

given up to marry you, and here you are now, crying and groaning, because—because—what? he cried, stopping indignantly before her. "Because I bring her to this magnificent house to live in. To one of the finest houses in all London. To a house, the mere shell of which cost thirty thousand pounds."

"Its very size frightens me, and the awful nearness of the river. You told me one wall of it was in the river—in the cold, bleak, pitiless Thames. Oh, Frank, my darling, my husband, take me away out of this. Take me anywhere you like, for as sure as I am alive now I shall be dead before the year is out if you keep me here. Oh, I was so happy at Hoxton. No woman in all England was half so happy as I! No woman in all the world ever loved her husband so much as I loved you, Frank; and, Frank, I am only twenty-five! Only twenty-five! And it's hard for me to die—to go away from you, my darling, for ever."

"It is hysteria, and nothing can be done," he said, with a fierce sigh. He folded his arms across his chest, and stood two paces from the best figure of his weeping and wailing wife.

"Once you would have done anything I asked you, and now you will not raise your hand to save my life."

"It is an insane paroxysm and must wear itself out; sal volatile is often administered in such cases, but unfortunately there is no sal volatile at hand." He more addressed to the air in a tone of philosophical musing.

"I would give my life for you and you would not step back across that threshold to save me from death!" she moaned.

"A bucket of cold water thrown over the patient has been known in cases of this kind to work like a charm," he went on in a tone of reverie.

"When you were in love with me—and you were in love with me once, Frank—you are a little in love with me even yet—you used to say our life together would be one long day of sunshine, and now of your own set you bring me into this tomb, this cold and awful grave.

"If I only knew where to find a bucket I'd try that remedy. Thames water down here is not savory, but no doubt it would be as effectual as any other.

At the words "Thames water," the woman slid off the wooden settle on which she had been sitting, and falling on her knees raised beseeching hands and eyes to him and shrieked: "Frank, if there is any love or manhood left in your heart take me out of this, or my death be upon your head."

"This is acute mania and must be dealt with heroically," he mused, taking no more notice of her than if she were the polished marble column by which she knelt. "It would be too much to hope they have left a bucket here, but there must be a rope somewhere in the place. I shall take a turn with a rope round her waist and drop her two or three times into the Thames. That would be certain to cure her. First let me open the great river door over the river gate."

The man strode down past the marble columns of the vast dim hall, noisily unbarred a great door that opened at the end of the two leaves. He pulled the door towards him, and all at once the lower end of the great hall was flooded with the white cold radiance of an October sun, and the Thames at full tide blazed like a lake of silver beyond.

With a shriek the woman fell flat upon the marble floor. She had fainted.

The man saw her fall. He shrugged his shoulders and laughed softly, murmuring: "Poor old Pollie! The mere threat of curing her cured her.

He turned round to the great water-door and closed it quickly, but without haste. When it was fast he walked briskly to where his wife lay, lifted her in his arms, and carried her into a small room furnished as a sleeping chamber on the right hand side of the great hall, looking from the rear.

The husband loosed his wife's clothes, and finding there was no water in the jug confined his efforts at restoration to slapping her hands sharply.

Frank Jeaters was a tall, fine-looking man of thirty. He had a handsome face and distinguished, though slightly theatrical, air. His complexion was dark, sallow, with no color in the cheeks. His nose was large and well formed and aquiline; his lips full, expressive, well modeled; his forehead high and commanding; his eyes, dark hazel, deep set, with great power of expression. His figure was light, well built, well developed, powerful. He had small and shapely feet, and large well shaped hands. His hair was dark brown, curly and thin on the crown and over the temples. A man of excellent appearance, carriage and manner, with a voice of singular sweetness and power.

Frank Jeaters was not a man to be passed unnoticed by men. He looked the very ideal of a stage lover. It was difficult to say why you thought, on leaving the theater when you saw him. The moment it was suggested to you that he would look perfect in evening dress, you acquiesced at once. As you ran your eye over him you found everything helping you to a favorable picture of him in swallowtails and low waistcoat. It seemed never to be quite natural. You couldn't fancy him shooting or hunting, or in boating flannels; but without an effort you could picture him in a white shirt, black cloth, white tie, light gloves, and an opera-hat under his arm, a rose or camellia in his button-hole, and the air, not of one going forth to victory, but of one who felt the laurel of conquest round his brows. He was artificial, you could see at a glance. At the first glance you might notice nothing particular about him but that he was very handsome and artificial.

Notwithstanding the fact that you could not associate him in your mind with outdoor sports, he was not in the least effeminate looking. Quite the contrary. He looked a very manly man. His was not the manliness of a mere bland, good-humored, shallow athlete. He was the manhood of craft, of passion, of ambition.

His wife was small and fragile, her figure slight and graceful. She had bright blue eyes and fair hair, and when in health a delicate pink and white complexion. She looked very small and unimpressive, and after the consideration of their good looks it would be hard to find your attention to some other feature in common—to find man and woman more unlike. Confiding helplessness was the chief characteristic of her expression; self-reliance of his.

With a tremor and a sigh the woman at length recovered consciousness. She smiled at her husband, caught his hand and raised it to her lips.

"You're all right now, little girl?" he said kindly. He bent over her and stroked her light brisket hair.

"Much better, she answered, "and very sorry if my foolishness has annoyed my own loving Frank. Do you forgive me? I don't know why I should have been so upset by the place when I first saw it. It was because, love, my father was drowned in the river. I have such a horror of water—of the Thames most of all—ever since I saw him wet and cold and stiff, with great staring blue eyes."

She shuddered and kissed her husband's hand again.

With the other hand he stroked her hair caressingly once more.

"There now, little dear, don't think of such dreadful things."

"Did you ever see anyone you loved dead, drowned?"

"No; never, darling. Thank heaven, I never did! But how could I, for you are the only person I ever loved?"

In spite of the faint tone of impatience under-lying his words she smiled on him a beatific smile, looking up into his face as one to full for words. For the third time she kissed his large shapely hand. "My love! my lord! my love! And now try to forget my foolishness, and I promise not to worry my love, my darling again. I feel quite strong now. The air of the Thames is better than the air of Hoxton, and I shall get quite well and strong here. Isn't that what my Frank wants his sweetheart wife to do?"

"I do will only do that I shall be the happiest man alive," said he, with a tone of weariness in his soft musical voice.

He raised her from the bed and helped her out on the floor. She was weak and tottered, and would have fallen only for his strong, lithe arm round her waist.

"This is our bedroom," said he, pointing with his free hand round the comfortably furnished room. "You see, it looks into the back court-yard through which we came. And now, if you are strong enough to walk a few yards, we will have a look at our little sitting-room. I have furnished only two rooms. This will be enough for the present. Are you equal to a journey of a dozen yards?"

"I could walk to the end of the world with your arm round me like this, dearest," she murmured, leaning her head against him as they re-entered the great hall.

A few paces further from the back entrance, on the threshold of which the woman had paused, repelled, when, awhile ago, coming into the place for the first time, stood a second door. This Jeaters opened.

The room they had left had one time been the porter's. The room they now stood in had been the manager's office of the great St. Vincent hotel, built at Verdon on the Thames, half a dozen miles below London Bridge, as a rival to the world-famed Copenhagen Hotel of the same place. The St. Vincent, a disastrous failure, was now closed to the public, and Frank Jeaters had been placed in charge of the gorgeous pile of building, one side of which rose flush with the river.

"This is our sitting-room, my darling," said the husband in a perfunctory voice as he placed his wife on the couch facing the solitary window. The scenery from the bed-room is not worthing; it embraces nothing but a stone back yard. The scene from this window is still less enchanting. There is in reality a narrow strip of paved passage under it, but it slants too much to be visible from any part of the room but the window itself. The view, so far as I can make out, consists of a wall built brick wall reaching beyond the clouds—or anyway out of the field of sight—and the wall belongs to a mill, or store, or warehouse, or some other structure connected with trade. There are about twenty feet between the glass of this window and the bricks of that wall, and twenty feet of space is valuable in London—for, of course, although we are some miles below London Bridge this is London as much as Hoxton is London, notwithstanding that the place calls itself Verdon."

"The room is very comfortable and nicely furnished and bigger than our sitting-room in Hoxton," said the woman, glancing round with a smile which she tried to make one of cordial liking for the place.

"There are dozens of better rooms in the house, but some of them would look bleak without fifty people and a thousand pounds, worth of furniture. All the furniture was taken away when they shut up the place. Other rooms are too high up and others command the river, and others have no blinds and are locked; whereas these two have blinds and are not overlooked by any windows. However, by and by, if in a ramble round the place you find any room more to your liking you have only to say the word and we can shift."

"My kind, thoughtful sweetheart, these rooms will do beautifully for the present. I can keep from the river side, and in time I may get over the feeling I have against it."

"Is there any you like?" He looked around as if his mind was somewhere else.

"And you think, darling, that I shall get well—quite well, soon?"

"Of course, of course," said he, with a trace of impatience. "What is this I had to say? Oh, yes, that door on the left leads into what was once the bar, and you will find an open grate and a small stove there. I thought they would be handy for your cooking, little woman."

"You think of everything for me—of nothing for yourself," said she with fond, admiring, grateful tenderness.

"Naturally," he said, scarcely heeding her, and then went on. "I don't remember anything more to tell you just now. All our baggage that came in the van is in the hall, our crockery and commissariat, *et cetera*. It will amuse you to look through it and put the place to rights. I'll go out for a stroll to see what the neighborhood and the neighbors are like."

With a cry she rose from the couch. "Going out! Leaving me here by myself!"

He drew back from her and putting her head on one side laughed softly, "Does Frank's angel wife believe that she has been sentenced to close confinement within these barren walls? Come, Pollie, you can't be such a fool as to fancy I am never to go out of the house. You became reconciled to my going out at Hoxton when you did not feel well enough to stir.

"There I was not alone. I had the people of the house."

"Well," he smiled, "I thought women, young married women particularly, always longed for a house of their own, and here is a house all your own now, and big enough, goodness knows."

"Too big!" whispered the woman, through her white lips. "And then," she murmured, with a shiver, "there's the river."

"Well, you needn't go near the river, and be sure the river won't come near you. I'll be back in an hour or so, when I see what the place and the people around it are like. If you have tea at five I'll be in for some."

He left the room and walked briskly down the hall, and let himself out by the door at the rear, through which they had entered. When he found himself in the yard, he said to himself, "By Jove, I thought she was going to faint again when I spoke about going out. What a nuisance that would have been! What a nuisance the whole thing is! She's the best little woman in all the world, and yet——" He shrugged his shoulders by way of finishing the sentence.

As the man left the room the woman fell back on the couch. Here she sat a long time motionless, breathless, staring straight before her. At length she roused herself. Their luggage and the necessaries of housekeeping were in the hall.

She shuddered when she thought of that awful empty hall with the great water door at the end. She gave the matter a powerful effort. She would go and get the things for tea from the luggage in the hall.

She opened the door and stepped out.

She paused and listened intently.

She heard a sound which filled her soul with terror. A sound, a soft, low, and not unpleasing sound beneath her feet.

She knelt down on the tesselated marble floor and put her ear to the ground. Then she raised her body, and sitting back on her heels murmured like one in a dream, "He said if I do not go near the water the water would not come near me. It has come near me. The water is under the floor! Under me here! The Thames! The water that drowned my father!"

CHAPTER II.

THE OPEN WATER-DOOR.

Frank Jeaters passed through the yard at the back of the St. Vincent Hotel, opened a wicket in the great gate, and stepped into St. Vincent Place, a *cul de sac*, with the broad, busy Verdon road at one end and the Thames at the other.

His manner did not confirm the statement to his wife that he wished to explore the neighborhood and see what the neighbors were like. He rapidly ascended St. Vincent Place and turned to the left without a trace of hesitancy, without once looking round him as a man does who moves through a district new to him, and who is curious to see what it is like. He carried his head high, turning to the left when he reached the main road of Verdon with as little attention to his surroundings as though he had lived there all his life.

He walked quickly eastward and along the main road, the Verdon road. Houses, houses, houses the whole way. Although six or seven miles from Charing Cross, it was still, still. The houses were not so lofty or so wide, or so beautifully kept as those in Piccadilly or Pall Mall, but they were decent and endless, endless, endless; and there seemed to be hardly fewer people in the broad main road of Verdon than in the Strand or Regent street. People were here hurrying and bustling about their business as in Ludgate Hill, though so much black cloth and so many silk hats could not be seen. Then there was as much traffic as in Holburn. Few omnibuses were visible, but in front of you might always be seen a tramcar, and behind you another. In reality Verdon is one of the country towns which London has overtaken and swallowed up. Here were the Verdon Theater Royal, the Verdon Palace of Varieties, the Verdon Town Hall—survivals of the place's independent life fifty years ago, before London spread out across the intervening fields and swamps, before railways annihilated distance.

For none of the sights through which he passed had Jeaters head or reflection. His eyes were fixed before him, looking at inward

THE RIVER RAN UNDERNEATH.

things. He pursued his road with the certainty and indifference to it of a man who took a familiar way to a well known goal.

About three-quarters of a mile west of the St. Vincent, on the Verdon road, the ground rises slightly and then takes a sharp turn to the right. When Jeaters reached the foot of this slope he slackened his pace and lit a cigarette.

Up to this he had looked like an impatient man eagerly pushing forward; now he looked like an indolent dandy, whose only object was to kill time without effort of any kind. He continued his leisurely way up the incline until he reached the summit, a quarter of a mile from the base.

At the top, on the right of the road, ran a row of humble shops; into one of these—a tobacconist's—he turned, and, affecting the utmost weariness and languor, dropped on the shop's one chair which stood a little back from the door against the end counter. He nodded pleasantly and familiarly to the man behind the counter, took out his pocket handkerchief and began rubbing his face and sighing as if in the last stage of fatigue.

"Tired?" asked the man behind the counter.

"I could not have gone a hundred yards further to save my life," said Jeaters languidly. "Will you oblige me by giving me the very longest and finest cigar you have in the house and allowing me to rest here a few minutes?"

"With pleasure," said the tobacconist, holding out a box of very superior cigars. "Don't mind your visitor, "and rest as long as you please. Have you been for a walk?"

"Mr. Cresswell," said Jeaters, as he lit the cigar, "I feel as if I had walked from the four ends of the world all at once."

"You don't say so!" cried the shopkeeper, with as much astonishment as though the other had said he had walked from the four ends of the earth all at once.

"It's the terrible fact," said Jeaters, lying back on the chair and half closing his eyes.

"Ah!" said Cresswell, the tobacconist, whose conversational powers were limited, except about tobacco or horses. He took little interest in man. He was a startlingly ugly, yellow-faced man, with enormous stumpy hands, a closely cropped bullet head, and small, pig like, near-sighted eyes, that looked out of two creases in the upper part of his face as though they did not belong particularly to these creases and might by and by be expected to look out from any other couple of creases.

From the chair in Cresswell's shop on which Jeaters sat he commanded a view of Muscovy Place. This was no longer Verdon, but Furham, famous all the world over as the site of the great Furham Arsenal.

Muscovy Place consists of fifteen houses forming three sides of a small square, the houses in the Furham road making the fourth side. It was a bay or indentation in the road. The fifteen houses of the place were all of the quaint kind of shops, a florist's, a corn chandler's, a draper's, a frame maker's among others. One of those in the center of the bottom of the place, the one opposite the chair on which Jeaters sat, was an optician's and watchmaker's, bearing the dust of neglect common to such shops in the long monotonous streets that stretch along the south bank below London Bridge.

On the facia board over the window of the middle shop Frank Jeaters had read many times before the washed out, faded legend: "Charles Orr, watchmaker, optician, and nautical instrument maker."

"I think you told me," said Jeaters to the purblind tobacconist, after a long rest, when half his cigar was smoked, "that you suffered from near-sightedness—that you could not read 'Charles Orr,' for instance, on that facia board over the way; the optician's, you know?"

"Read the letters!" cried the ugly man in surprise. "Why, I couldn't tell you there are any letters at all. I know there is something at the bottom of Muscovy Place, and there are spots on that thing, and I believe the spots are doorways and the rest are windows, but I can't see the windows. Bless you, I'm very blind." Cresswell seemed proud of his infirmity.

"So that I suppose you would not recognize a friend across the road?"

"Bless you, I couldn't recognize my best friend passing the door. When you came into the shop I did know you were there you got down the counter—until you were within six or eight feet of me."

"Good gracious! And you can't see anyone now standing at the open door of Charles Orr's shop."

"No more than I could see the sun at midnight. But if there is anyone there I know it can't be old Orr, for he's dead these couple of years."

And if your best known friend walked at the opposite of the road you could not recognize him?"

"I shouldn't know whether it was a man or a woman."

"You ought to wear glasses," said Jeaters, rising wearily. "I never tried them yet."

"Tried glasses! I should think I have!" cried Cresswell scornfully. "Glasses are no use for me. I never looked through a pair that did any good."

"And you haven't a pair."

"No. I bought plenty, but when I found they were no good I lost my temper with them and smashed them or flung them away. Are you going? Are you quite rested? Tell me, do you know anything real good for the Kempton Park or Warwick meeting? You don't? Well, good afternoon."

Frank Jeaters was not near-sighted. His eyes were particularly good. He had been able to see very clearly a figure standing in the doorway of the optician's at the bottom of Muscovy Place. It was a fine, tall, stately figure of a girl of two and twenty, Edith Orr by name, the only child of the dead Charles Orr, optician, and Catherine, his wife, now his widow, whose condition was all the more sad by reason of her hopeless physical infirmity, and the slow but steady decay of the business, which was her only support.

Edith Orr was striking and commanding. The people around had named her the Empress. Her dark, rich beauty was of a character out of keeping with her mean surroundings, and she kept herself as much apart from her neighbors as the queen of a country shows, and she the only real living being in the place.

This was not the first nor the second time Frank Jeaters had seen the girl. This was not the first nor the second time he had sat on the tobacconist's chair and watched her come in or out of the shop, or stand a moment at the door.

Since he had seen her first he had dreamed about her day and night. She had never been out of his thoughts for an hour. He had not troubled himself to ask what position she occupied in his mind. No matter in what direction he turned his inward glance, he saw Edith Orr, and the sight of her image filled him with tumultuous and vague ambitions he had never felt before.

Hitherto he had approached women with assurance and regarded them as toys. They had amused him. He had not regarded them cynically or with contempt. He had never thought much about making himself agreeable to women. He had always found himself more welcome to them than they were to him. Sometimes they bored him and then he went away, but he had no infatuation about them. He knew he was a handsome man, and he knew his good looks had been the means of his success. He married because he thought he might as well marry, and he married Pollie Tinson because she was the best looking and most amusing in her pretty little ways of all the girls at hand.

But Edith Orr was a new and different matter. He had never seen anyone like her before his coming to this neighborhood a few months ago to look after the St. Vincent. He had not asked himself any troublesome questions about himself, or his wife, or Edith Orr. All he was quite sure of was that Pollie's health showed no improvement since her illness of a year ago, that a specialist had informed him there could be no certainty of her ultimate recovery, and that it was an infernal bore for a fellow of his age and with a small income to be saddled with a sick wife.

He had left the St. Vincent with the declared intention of making the acquaintance of the neighborhood and the neighbors. He knew the neighborhood pretty well, and he looked on Cresswell as an old acquaintance. When he left Cresswell's that day it was with the intention of including Edith Orr in the list of his acquaintances in the district.

On emerging from the shop he went further east, round the bend of the road a couple of hundred yards, crossed to the opposite side, and lounged back to Muscovy place.

The glass door of Orr's was closed. He put his hand on it, paused a moment, put his hand into his watch pocket and crushed in the glass of his watch with his thumb. Then he entered and stood at the counter saying, "I have broken the glass of my watch—will you kindly give me a new one?"

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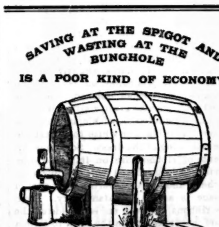

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"You have broken the hands also," said a woman's voice.

He raised his eyes.

Edith Orr was standing holding the watch in her hand. She was looking with a smile at him.

He glanced into her face and for a moment did not speak, did not think, did not smile. It was the first time he had ever looked into a beautiful woman's face without smiling. She was different from any other women he had seen before.

For the first time in his life he was confused by a woman's glance. For the first time in his life he had nothing to say.

It was not until he was out of the shop and wandering aimlessly eastward, away from the St. Vincent, that he remembered that she had told him to come to morrow at the same hour—at four—for his watch. It was not until long after dark, until past seven o'clock, he recalled his promise to be back for tea at five. There was no use in going back then. Pollie would have had her tea and would only make a fuss of his not getting any. She would ask him questions, too, and he was in no humor to be questioned by anyone just now, and Pollie was often tiresome, and would be, oh, so insufferably tiresome this evening.

He was in a part of London quite unfamiliar to him. He had doubled and wandered about until he had lost his way. No matter. In fact, all the better, for he had no anxiety to meet anyone or to eat or drink; now and then he went into a shop and bought a cigar. Later would be time enough to go—home.

It was, of course, necessary for him to do something, go somewhere, between this hour and four o'clock to-morrow. It did not matter where he went or what he did. Pollie, being an invalid, would go to bed at eight or nine. She was accustomed to his absence in the evenings. At Hoxton he was out two or three nights a week. Her health was not good, but there was no cause for alarm as to her life. The specialist had told him nothing sudden was to be apprehended. She might get quite well, and she might not, but if anything really alarming was going to occur there would be warning—plenty of warning in all likelihood.

It was past eleven o'clock when at last he turned into Verdon Place. Pollie was sure to be asleep. She never sat up later than nine. He had given her strict orders she was never to sit up later than nine, and she would not think of disobeying him. How weak and pale and trivial Pollie seemed. She was no doubt a pretty little thing—or she had been—and her prattle used to amuse him for an hour or so, but she was tiresome at times, though always amiable. She had been a very pretty, amiable girl, but she would never be a woman, never a full grown companion for a full grown man.

Of course, she was his wife, but when he married her he had not counted on her falling ill and it was most uncomfortable to be tied to an invalid. Besides, he could plainly see now she would never be a companion to him. High ho!

There was, he thought, no fear about his forgetting to call for his watch to-morrow. He might even go early saying he forgot the hour appointed, and then he might call again a while before the earliest moment it was promised at so that he might have to wait.

He passed through the wicket and opened the back door of the great St. Vincent Hotel with his key.

With a cry of dismay he sprang into the great empty, ghostly hall.

The bed room door at the right hand side was open. The light was shining through it. The water-door above the Thames at the other end of the hall was open too!

He called "Pollie! Pollie! Pollie! for God's sake answer me, child!"

He ran to the bed-room. It was empty. The bed had been lain in, but the room was vacant. No note, no message, no hint. He dashed into the sitting-room and struck a light. She was not there, nor any clue to her. He rushed out into the great hall and shrieked her name. Only echo answered.

Then, facing him eyes on the gaping door, he cried, "Her father's doom. The fascination of her father's fate! Her terror to day was a warning. In despair of health and thinking of her father's death she has flung herself into the river! My poor, simple, innocent, affectionate Pollie is dead!"

At that moment, with a cry of horror, he threw up his arms and stood staring before him at the opened river-door.

(To be Continued.)

A Lucky Mistake.

Within a month after Fort Sumter was fired on, two young men from Pennsylvania enlisted in the Union army. These young men were twins, Tom and I. We were very much alike in size, feature, voice, and manner—everything, indeed, and the only persons who could always tell which was Tom and which was I were the twins themselves. We did not join the same branch of the army; Tom enlisted in the cavalry, while I joined the secret service.

After the investiment of Vicksburg, and when the Union forces were each day digging nearer the city, I was sent to make an inspection of the Confederate fortifications.

I succeeded in passing the Confederate lines and entered the city of Vicksburg, where, dressed in civilian's clothes, I was reasonably free from all suspicion. But it took me a full day before I secured the desired knowledge and started back towards the Union lines under cover of darkness.

I passed the guards safely, and was, perhaps, a third of the way to camp, when I heard a sharp "Halt! Who goes there?" accompanied by the click of cocking weapons.

Escape was out of the question, and a moment later I was a prisoner.

"Which camp do you belong to?" queried the leader of the men who had captured me.

"Neither," I answered, "but I am staying at Vicksburg."

"How came you so far from the lines to-night?"

"I was just wandering around, and thought I would go on until I reached the outer guard," I answered.

"This is very strange—if true," said my questioner, turning to his comrades, "but probably it is all a lie." Then to me, "We will just take you into camp and sift that yarn of yours."

The yarn sifted so poorly that I was convicted as a spy and sentenced to death.

One day after my conviction some young ladies of the city visited the prison where the Yankees were confined, some to see the strange animals of the north, who they believed had horns and hoofs like an elephant, as one of the young women expressed it; others to leave flowers or fruit for the unhappy prisoners. The number of the latter class was small.

As a condemned spy I was an object of especial hatred and commiseration, according to the feelings of the fair visitors.

"Is he really a spy?" asked one young girl of gushing class and age.

"Yes," answered the guard, "he is a genuine Yankee spy."

"Oh, isn't it awful!" said the girl. "How can you tell? He doesn't look like a spy, and if you hadn't told me, I should say he was real nice."

"You can't tell anything by looks," replied the guard. "Some of the brightest and handsomest men in the service are spies."

My attention was soon attracted to three young ladies who were distributing handsome little bouquets to some of the prisoners whom they appeared to know, and I was surprised to see the horrified stare which followed the younger girl's first glance at me. She looked a second time, searchingly, her face pale and startled, then turned away with her companions.

The next day she came back again, bringing flowers, and I had a chance to watch her for some moments. She brought me a small bouquet, and when handing it to me accompanied it by a glance apparently full of meaning, and yet utterly bewildering and untranslatable.

"Surely," I thought, "I have never seen her before. Not a look or question or movement is familiar, and yet she appears to recognize me." The more I thought on the subject the deeper and blinder was my mystification, the more surprising the action of my beautiful friend.

I watched my charming mystery builder until she left the prison, then turned to the bouquet she had given me. I gave it a close examination. Hidden among the leaves of one of the flowers was a small note, the paper being almost as delicate as the tissues of the bower leaves. The note said:

"DEAR TOM:—I was so startled and horror-struck to see you yesterday that I almost betrayed the fact that I recognized you. Fortunately I did not, and now I will try and help you. Examine carefully everything I bring. I may have something useful. Agnes is already ill, and I have not dared to tell her.

"MABEL."

Evidently the young lady thought I was somebody else.

A guard came to my cell after she left and said:

"I saw you were one of the favored ones to-day."

"Yes," I replied; "who is the lady?"

"Miss Murfee—Mabel Murfee."

"Her home is in Vicksburg, I presume?"

"No; Judge Murfee, his father, lived outside, and his plantation was for several weeks in possession of the Yankees. Finally he came here to be in a safe place, and brought his daughters along."

The next day Miss Murfee came again, and when she reached my cell handed me another bouquet.

I waited until I was free from observation, then examined my bouquet. In the hollow stocks of the flowers were a small knife, very slender but strong steel bar with sharp point and a little platinum bottle of hydrofluoric acid. The flowers had been carefully sealed up at the bottom to prevent their contents from falling out. Besides the tools for escape was this note:

"DEAR TOM—To-morrow I will try and find out the password from a young officer who visits us. "MABEL."

I awaited the result of her effort with painful interest, and when she came the following day and gave me the usual bouquet I found the following note:

"MY DEAR TOM—The password to-night is 'Cartridge.' If you get out, go to the corner this side of the flagstaff which you can see from your window, and give a low whistle. A colored man will come from the basement of the tall building on the right and address you as 'Massa Tom.' Follow him and I think you will be safe. May God help you to escape!

"MABEL."

The night proved an auspicious one for my purpose. It was very dark, and a heavy thunderstorm shook the old gaol, so that no amount of filing or prising could be heard. With the acid and the tools I made short work of the bars across my window and of the irons which fettered my limbs.

I squeezed through the window and dropped to the ground.

I had not gone far when a guard called out sharply: "Halt! Who goes there?"

"A friend," I answered.

"Give the countersign."

"Cartridge."

"Pass on!"

On reaching the corner I whistled softly, and in answer a negro came up and said interrogatively: "Massa Tom?"

"Yes," I replied.

He threw a long cloak over my shoulders and started up the street at a sharp gait. I followed him, perhaps half a mile, when he stopped before a plain brick house, unlocked the door and bade me enter. I had scarcely glanced round the dimly lighted hall before the mysterious "Mabel," accompanied by a young lady taller and darker than herself, hurriedly entered from an adjoining room. They had evidently been waiting for me.

I only heard my benefactress say: "Oh, Tom. Thank heaven!" before her companion, with a wholly glad and joyful exclamation, had her arms about my neck and showered tears and kisses upon me in most embarrassing profusion.

I was utterly dumfounded. Finally, collecting my thoughts, I turned from the excited and half-crying woman I held in my arms to the one I partially knew, and said:

"My dear Miss Murfee, you have saved my life, and I am bound, as an honorable man, to tell you that you have made a strange mistake in thinking you know me."

"Mistake!" gasped the young lady who had so passionately caressed me. "Mistake! Who do you mean? Are you not Tom Atherton?"

"Not quite," I answered, "but if you thought I was he, the mistake is not a very bad one. I am his twin brother, Ned."

The surprise and confusion which had overwhelmed me were transferred to the young ladies, and for a moment we all simply stared at each other. Then Mabel laughed and said:

"And so you are that wonderful brother of whom Tom used to tell us?"

"Yes, fortunately," I answered.

"And you stood there and let me kiss you without saying a word," Agnes (I found out afterwards she was Agnes) said reproachfully.

"Yes, I did; I suppose you thought I had wished to," was my perfectly truthful reply.

"I don't know but that it is so," she assented.

"But, Mabel, what shall we do with him?"

"I am entirely in your hands, and will do whatever you wish," I said. "If my being here will endanger you in any way I will try and get through the lines to-night."

"You will be much safer here," Mabel said. "We owe it to you to do whatever we can for you."

"Owe it to me?" I said. "For what?"

"For your brother's sake. He saved my sister's life and protected our property from destruction and us from insult. He is the best and truest man that ever lived, and we cannot do too much for his brother."

I was compelled to keep a dark retreat only a part of the time, and several hours were spent each day with Judge Murfee or his daughters.

Mabel Murfee had saved my life, and the gratitude I felt was perhaps enhanced by the fact that she was a rarely beautiful woman.

After weary weeks of siege the city was captured and the soldiers of Grant and Sherman entered it in triumph, and I was free.

When the time came for me to go, having said good-bye to Judge Murfee, I went to the parlor to see Mabel and Agnes, feeling how hard, how cruel it was to say farewell, and when I saw Mabel dressed in pure white, with white flowers in her beautiful hair, her cheeks flushed with excitement and her dark eyes as unwontedly bright, the duty was not made any easier.

"Agnes is writing a letter to Tom for you to deliver," she said, as I entered the room. "She will be down in a few moments."

"I am quite willing to wait," I replied, "and indeed, I am sorry that I must go at all. I do not expect to ever again find such friends as I have found here."

"You must thank your brother for them," Mabel answered.

"Miss Murfee, Mabel, you wish to rob your act of saving my life of any personal significance. You do not want me to be misled by the gift of my poor life to ask for that which can make it valuable. I refuse to be warned. I love you, Mabel—love you madly, hopelessly—love you as I never thought to love anyone, and while I dare not hope you will return my love, I could not leave you without speaking. Forgive me if I have pained you, but it was impossible for me to go away without telling my love, and you will at least be fortunate in the fact that an opportunity will not soon occur for you to be troubled again by one whose love was stronger than his fear of offending."

Tears trickled through the long dark lashes, then, half smiling through her tears, she lifted her brave, clear eyes to mine and said:

"And what if I insist on your remaining to repeat your offence?"—*Tit Bits.*

A Singular Novelist.

The late M Jules Stapleaux was well known to the literary men of Paris, who describe him as one of the brightest of conversationalists, but probably the worst story-writer in France. The badness, from a literary point of view, of his stories was well known to Stapleaux himself, who took jokes on the subject good-naturedly.

Here are some sentences quoted from his singular novel stories:

"The viscount wore a very short waistcoat, and pantaloons of the same color.

"After the death of his greatly loved wife, the general aged rapidly. At the time which our story records he was sixty-five, but he appeared just twice as old."

"The baroness, aged twenty-nine, had just attained her majority."

Stapleaux had some difficulty in getting his stories printed, but when he found a market for one he made the most of it. A newspaper once engaged him to write a serial as *feuilleton.* It ran daily until the subscribers began to stop their papers in large numbers; when, one day, the proprietor of the journal came to the author of the unpopular romance.

"Look here!" he exclaimed. "Your story has been running six months, and bids fair to last for ever. The subscribers are in rebellion."

"Well?" said Stapleaux innocently.

"Well! I will give you just three days to wind the thing up!"

"Impossible! Just think of it. The countess is at Clermont, Jean Duroc is away off in Martinique, Cherbaty, the spy, is on the point of being arrested. How in the world am I going to bring all this to a wind-up in three chapters!"

"I don't know," said the publisher, "but I give you warning that I shall cut you off short in three days!"

He went away. At the end of the third instalment thereafter, the publisher was pleased to see the words, The End, written in a trembling hand. He sent the number to press joyfully, without reading it, and when the paper came out, was astonished to see that the last paragraph read as follows:

"We shall tell, in another story to follow this as a sequel, what became of the countess, and how the adventurous journey of Jean Duroc terminated!"

Incomplete Information.

Cumso—The newspaper says the temperature yesterday was ninety-six degrees in the shade.

Mrs. Cumso—Above zero or below?

Cumso—The paper doesn't say.

Fatherly Solicitude.

McFadden—Oi hov a great joke on th' kid, Ellen.

Mrs. McFadden—Is thot so?

McFadden—It is thot. He's chewin' a dinnymite cartridge he got out o' me pocket, t'inkin' it's melassy candy.

Aunt Mary's Diplomacy.

Mamma—You were gone a long time, Bobby.

Bobby—Well, Aunt Mary and I got over a fence and stayed there a long time; cos there was a cow in the road, and Aunt Mary said she didn't want to scare it with her red hat.

Accounted For.

"I thought you advertised a fine echo here!" said the tourist. "I've yelled here for half an hour, but it doesn't answer."

"No," said the proprietor. "Fact is, it's off on a vacation."

On the Pier at Coney Island.

Jacob Levy (in the center of a large crowd, waiting for the boat)—Suffering Moses! but it vas hot here. It vas just like a Roossian bath.

Isaac Cohen—Sh-h! don'dt say a vird, You're gittin' it fer nothin'. Dey cost a tollar in New York.

No Ice Needed.

"How to cool hot journals" is a heading observed in a Saturday paper. Instead of reading the body of the article it may be well to remind the writer that he had better postpone operations until after election.

Oh Mamma!

"Penelope," said the Boston mother, "tell me truly; did Charles kiss you last night?"

"There was a slight labial juxtaposition as Charles took his leave, mother; but I assure you it was only momentary, and therefore innocuous."

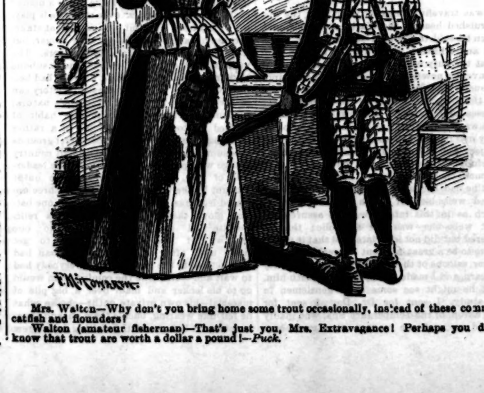
A Family Feeling.

Swartz (the pawnbroker, out shark fishing)—Led's go home.

Clarence—What's the matter, Swartz. Feel sick?

Swartz—Nah! But I gan't bear to ketch dese sharks. Long at dot puddy veller shnappin' his jaws. Id seems too mooch lige ketchin' vun oal der vamily.

Couldn't Afford Them



Mrs. Walton—Why don't you bring home some trout occasionally, instead of these common catfish and flounders?

Walton (amateur fisherman)—That's just you, Mrs. Extravagance! Perhaps you don't know that trout are worth a dollar a pound!—*Puck.*

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Is the most elegant and popular hair-dressing in the market. It quickens into renewed activity the hair-roots and thus restores to the hair all that has been lost by sickness, old age, or neglect. It imparts to the hair a silken texture, keeps the scalp clean, and cures itching and troublesome humors. When the hair becomes thin, faded, or gray, the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor brings out a new growth of the original color, fullness, and beauty. It is positively without equal.

The Best Hair Dressing

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for nearly five years, and my hair is moist, glossy, and in an excellent state of preservation. I am forty years old, and have ridden the plains for twenty-five years."—Wm. Henry Ott, *alias* "Mustang Bill," Newcastle, Wyo.

"My hair began turning gray and falling out when I was about 25 years of age. I have lately been using Ayer's Hair Vigor, and it is causing a new growth of hair of the natural color. It is a wonderful dressing, and has been of great benefit to my wife in removing dandruff, with which she was very much troubled. She considers it indispensable to her toilet."—R. J. Lowry, Jones Prairie, Milan Co., Texas.

"This is to certify that for many years I have had an itching of the scalp, and my hair had nearly all fallen off. I was induced by Dr. T. J. Gossett to try Ayer's Hair Vigor. By so doing, the itching was entirely cured and the hair grew out on the top of my head, where it was bald."—J. W. Harp, Deputy P. M., Mullinville, Kans.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists Everywhere

Poor Fellow!

"Hullo, Browne!" said Hicks. "I haven't seen you in an age. Where do you live when you're home?"

"I don't live till I get away from home," said Browne sadly. "I married a widow with five children."

Didn't Like 'Em.

Dreistein—Dot gentleman is a pank cashier—I yoost sold him a suit of clothes.

Boodleheimer—He vas in our shtore, put did not pay.

Dreistein—Vy not?

Boodleheimer—Dot new clerk asked him if he efer wore stripes.

Corner Lounger—Hello, Hen! Indignant Female—Eggcuse me, Henrietta if you please!—*Life.*

30,000 in Line.

Grand Encampment of Uniformed Knights of Pythias, to be held in Kansas City in August, for this excursion the Wabash Railway Co. will sell tickets at lowest first-class fare for the round trip. Tickets on sale August 19 to 22, good to return up to September 15. The Wabash is the shorter route to Kansas City and the only line that can take the knights from Canada through St. Louis and return them via Chicago, or *vice versa.* Fine equipped trains on earth, running through six states of the union. Further particulars from any railway agent or J. A. Richardson, Canadian Passenger Agent, Toronto.

Horrible Thought.

Hoffman Howes—Did you know that Willy Weevles buys his clothes ready-made?

Howell Gibbon—Oh, Hoffie, don't! Why, the same things he wears might fit some common, awdinawy pehson just as well. It's howwible to think of!

Magnificent New Vestibule Pullman Sleepers, Toronto to New York.

The Erie Railway have had the Pullman Palace Car Company build two of the finest Pullman sleepers that ever run between Toronto and New York. Every person who ever traveled in a Pullman sleeper will agree with us their equal cannot be found for convenience and comfort. The interiors of these cars are handsomely decorated and lighted with all the latest improvements, such as pintsch gas and finished in gold plush, drawing-room with annex, ladies' toilet-room with double washroom, with portiers, hot and cold water, and a well stocked buffa in every sleeper. The scenery along this picturesque route cannot be equalled in the Eastern States. By traveling via this great route you avoid being smothered in soft coal cinders and dust along the road, as they burn nothing but hard coal. Every foot of the road is stone ballast. You must also remember this is also a double track road. The above sleepers leave Toronto at 4.55 p.m., daily, except Sundays.

Price 1/- "Worth a Guinea a Box." 1.25.

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Dislodge Bile, Stir up the Liver, Cure Sick-Headache, Female Ailments, Remove Disease and Promote Good Health.

Covered with a Tasteless & Soluble Coating.

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Ask for Beecham's and take no others. Wholesale Agts. Evans & Sons, Ltd. Montreal. For sale by all druggists.

For Spring and Summer.

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NATURE'S GREAT RESTORER!

Delightfully Refreshing.

BY ALL CHEMISTS.

The High Speed Family Knitter

Price $4

Will knit a pair of socks and one in ten minutes. Will knit everything required in the trade, from homespun or factory. Comes of the price. The most practical knitter on the market. A child can operate it. Strong, Durable, Simple, Rapid. Satisfaction guaranteed or no pay. Agents wanted. For particulars and sample work, address,

Carden & Gearhart, Dundas, Ont., Canada.

POWELL'S PIMPLE + + + PILLS

Act Like Magic ... IN REMOVING AN... BLEMISHES FROM THE SKIN.

PRICE 25 CENTS.

For sale by all Drug gists, or sent on receipt of price, by

HATTIE & MYLIUS, HALIFAX, CANADA

WITHOUT A BLEMISH

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

CATARRH

Sold by druggists or sent by mail. 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

Tricks in all Trades.

Customer—I would like you to repair this watch. Now, I don't want you to tell me the whole mechanism is out of order and it will take two weeks to repair it, and cost half what the watch is worth. You can't fool me! I know a trick or two.

Watchmaker (meekly)—H'm! You are a watchmaker, I presume?

Customer—No; a doctor.

Misses E. & H. Johnson, 122 King street west, are now displaying their spring show of novelties in dress goods and millinery. An elegant and varied assortment to select from. Perfection of taste, style and fit. Ladies are respectfully invited to inspect our styles and material.

Woman's Courage.

She is not afraid of alighting from a moving street car with her back toward the horses.

She is not afraid of walking under a tea tom safe which is suspended by a string, though somewhat vexed by tripping over the "danger" sign.

She is not afraid of poking J. L. Sullivan in the eye with an umbrella.

But she is afraid of a mouse.

For Mental Depression

USE HORNSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

Dr. L. C. S. Turner, Colfax, Ia., says: "I am very much pleased with it in mental depression from gastric troubles."

A Unique Example.

Superintendent of Lunatic Asylum—That, ladies, is a summer hotel clerk recently thrown out of employment.

The Ladies—Why was he brought here?

Superintendent—He got to thinking he was no better than the guests of the hotel.

Everything.

Mr. W. H. Holabird, Gen. Agent Coronado Beach Co., San Diego, Cal., U. S. A., says: "I have used St. Jacobs Oil in my family for years as well as in my kennels and stables, and it has never failed in a single instance to do everything that could be expected of it."

Out of Sight.

"Father," said a six-year-old, "where is Atoms?"

"Atoms, my boy! What do you mean?"

"Why, the place where everything gets blown to."

THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - - Editor.

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The Drama.

THE Toronto season will open on August 29th, when the Tar and the Tartar will be heard at the Grand. The list of attractions for the year is most promising. Joe Murphy will play the two weeks of exhibition and others to follow are: Rhea, McLean & Prescott, Tennyson's new comedy The Foresters, the Ramsay-Morris Stock Co., which is pronounced equal to the Pitou Stock Co. of last year, Wilson Barrett, Robert Mantell, Scanlan's new comedy Mavourneen, The County Circus, Willard, whose Chicago successes are familiar to theater-goers; Rose Coghlan, Mason-Manola Opera Company, Lewis Morrison, Roland Reed, Digby-Bell Opera Company in Jupiter, Sol Smith Russell, the English Rose, Rosina Vokes, Marie Wainwright, Julia Marlowe, The Stowaway, O'Dowd's Neighbors and others. A special attraction which Mr. Sheppard has secured is Royle's New Drama Friends, which has recently had a very successful run in New York.

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The Academy will also open on August 29, and Manager Kirchmer expects a big season. He very correctly says that rapid transit will greatly benefit the theaters; the difference can hardly be estimated until the change takes place. Among the attractions booked are Lotta, Mrs. Bernard Beere, the Germania Opera Company, the Hermann Opera Company, Madam Jarbeau, Said Pasha Opera Company, Robert Downing, Lillian Goss, Private Secretary, Bulls and Bears, Robin Hood Opera Company, Howdin Thomas Opera Company, Bostonian Opera Company, Gorman's Minstrels and a number of good melodramas. It will be seen that operas predominate and those who enjoy good singing will haunt the Academy this winter.

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Contrasting Sardou with Shakespeare in the *New Review*, A. B. Walkley writes: The simple fact is that during the past month no English play has been produced worth recording. In this evil case one is glad to be able to cry, with the Jacobite in Tom Jones, "Hurrah! the French have landed!" They have landed, with Mme. Sara Bernhardt at their head, and this incomparable woman has saved the situation. She has come back to us improved not only in quality, but in quantity. "*Ces Anglaises ont d'amiables surprises*," said M. Pailleron's duchess when she first saw prim Miss Lucy in a low dress. We may now say the same of Mme. Bernhardt. You remember that phrase about Sir Willoughby Patterne? Well, Mme. Bernhardt "has an arm," a fact which she graciously permits you to establish in Cleopatra. Whether the real Cleopatra had so fine an arm we shall never know. Her nose was certainly too long—if any faith is to be placed in numismatics. All things considered, Mme. Bernhardt is probably more of a Cleopatra than was Cleopatra herself. It would be patriotic but uncritical to complain that she appears before us, not in Shakespeare's version of the great love story, but in Sardou's. After all, it is no heresy, I hope, to say that Sardou knows more about the East than Shakespeare did. What we lose in style, we gain in local color. Shakespeare's play was noble, Marmorean, Occidental; Sardou's is ignoble, chryselephantine, Oriental. And Shakespeare happened to write his play to please himself, a way your genius generally has when masterpieces are a-making, whereas Sardou has merely constructed his poem to order. It is a vehicle to carry the talent of a great success. All this is only a roundabout way of saying that Sardou's Cleopatra gives us more poignant emotion than Shakespeare's. It is really not my fault. I happened, you see, to be a contemporary of Sardou's. If I had been born an Elizabethan, I might be otherwise minded. Now and then, when Shakespeare and Sardou are on common ground, as in the scene between the forsaken queen and the messenger who comes to tell her of Antony's marriage, the comparison between the twain is not without a certain piquancy—and not so crushing to the smaller man as you might imagine. Shakespeare's scene is richer, of course, in human nature, general human nature; Sardou's in wanton caprice, in animal ferocity; that is, in Oriental human nature. There is the advantage of belonging to a generation which has read Les Orientales, which has been to the Levant with Chateaubriand and Gautier and Pierre Loti (not to mention the Messrs. Cook), which has seen the pictures of Gerome and Benjamin Constant, which has heard the music of Aida. This scene of the messenger with the love-lorn Cleopatra, the victim of

Venus toute entière a sa proie attachée,

tossing on her couch, or straining her gaze from the star lit terrace at Memphis into the desert, gives me just the impression I suppose it is intended to give, the impression of a stifling Eastern night, of a woman passing in a trice from voluptuous dreams to tigerish rage. That is what we Westerns expect the East to be like—those of us, that is, who have not gone there to be disillusioned. Just as M. Huysmans' Des Esseintes felt that he got a truer impression of England by visiting the wine shop in the Rue Castiglione, with its smell of damp sawdust and waterproofs, than by actually crossing the Channel, so I choose to think I get a better notion of Egypt from Sara Bernhardt's Cleopatra than I should by taking the next P. and O. steamer to Port Said. Was not art invented for such ends? Do not we who read Gyp's novels in Piccadilly know more about Paris than the Parisians? We deceive ourselves, you say, and the truth is not in us? Nonsense; as good and true neo-Buddhists, we know that the world is only appearance.

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"Forty years ago," said Wilson Barrett, "three little boys advertised a show to be given in the barn belonging to the father of one of them, near Manchester, England. The price of admission was three pins, or six pins for a reserved seat. The play was an adaptation of Julius Cæsar, and the parts of Cæsar, Mark Antony and Brutus were taken by the three boys, none of whom was over four years of age. A retired actor, then living in Manchester, came to see the children play, and after the performance remarked that he had never seen anything just like it before. He died too soon to see his prophetic words come true, for one of those children was myself, the others were my dear friends Henry Irving and John Toole."

A Narrow Escape

A LIVELY party of ladies and gentlemen had gathered in a friend's parlor to spend the evening, and someone made the old, old proposition that each should sing a song or tell a story.

After several ordinary stories of flesh, fish or fowl the turn fell to a young Southerner.

"Well," said he, "the only thing I can think of, to tell you, is of an incident in which I believe I came very near loosing my life."

There was a hum of expectation, and chairs were drawn closer together, while every eye was expectantly bent upon the narrator.

Upon a summer night in Baltimore when the slight breeze bore the hot sultry city air down the streets in stifling waves, myself and two companions headed up town from the wharf through a rather disreputable part of the city.

As we approached a side street of even worse repute than the one we were on, one of my companions called my attention to a crowd of roughs who were congregated upon the corner, and proposed that we cross over and avoid them.

"Oh, never mind," I said. "They won't hurt us."

As we approached them some stepped to each side as though to make a space for us to pass through.

Unsuspicious of anything being amiss I stepped ahead of the others and entered the human alley-way.

When I had passed the first two men I saw a big, burly black step forward and block my way. Then the first idea of fear entered my head and I looked back for my companions, but they, evidently foreseeing a row, were now making in the opposite direction as fast as their legs could carry them.

I also noticed in my backward glance that the toughs were also closing in behind, so I tried to press forward. In doing so I pushed against one of the gang, and he turned swiftly upon me, making a blow at me with clenched fist, but I dodged it and also the ones which immediately followed it. By this time all seemed to be interested in hitting at me, and blows showered in thick and fast, and I wouldn't swear that some of them did not hit me.

This does not matter, however. I was still alive, and while there is life there is hope.

Hope, however, is a precarious thing and liable to be dispelled at any moment. The brawny negro of whom I spoke before came pushing through the crowd towards me. In his right hand he grasped a large sheath knife, and I saw that he destined it to end my earthly career.

On he came through the crowd. I could feel his warm breath upon my face. I could see the refracted sparkles of light from off the upheld blade, and I thought all was over.

The story-teller who, up to this part of his story had been very earnest, now having worked upon the feelings of his auditors to the desired extent, now looked nonchalantly around over the circle of eager faces. Everyone was anxious to hear how the story would end. The ladies were leaning far forward, every sense alert to grasp the details of the scene he portrayed, and now exclamations of impatience at the witheld ending burst simultaneously from their lips.

"Well," said he, "that's all, only I verily believe to this day that if I hadn't wakened up at that moment I'd have been a dead man."

H. A. B.

A New Drink Wanted.

I was traveling once with Dr. Day, the distinguished head of the Washingtonian Home, when he said to me of a sudden: "Dr. Hale, you and I have a great duty." I asked him what the duty was, and he said that we ought to invent a new drink. He said: "You cannot persuade Americans to sit and discuss politics for three or four hours in the evening over glasses of ice-water." I knew very well that this was true, but the sudden presentation of it by my friend gave me more interest in the subject and directed my attention to it more carefully. A few days after, an accomplished German chemist called on me. He told me that he had the art of manufacturing what he called weiss-bier, of which I never heard so much as in this interview. He assured me that weiss-bier was not alcoholic; that it cheered but did not inebriate, and that it would prove to be a great element in breaking up the liquor saloons of the country. It was my duty to learn, and I made an appointment with him, that he might see some other gentlemen in my study. I sent for Dr. Day; I sent for Mr. Eaton, of the Temperance Spa, who gladly joined me, and one or two other gentlemen interested in practical measures for temperance. Our German friend told us as much as he dared of the mysteries of weiss-bier, and we arranged at once that money should be put in his hands and a proper place provided for the conduct of the first manufactory in Boston. The occasion was too good for us to lose the opportunity. A very few days afterward I met the gentleman charged with the executive part of the matter, and learned from him, to my dismay, that our German friend had taken the first payment which was made to him, had gone off on a spree by the expenditure of this, and had never been heard of again. This was the end of my first experiment in the line which Dr. Day had indicated. When I was in Spain, in the year 1882, I saw, as every Spanish traveler may do, the drinking-rooms of the large Spanish cities. Some of these are so large that a single room covers acres; the roofs are supported by colonnades of light pillars, and they are full of little tables, at each of which sit two or three or four of the Spanish politicians, the most excitable and the most excited people in the world. The rooms are full of smoke as these men discuss politics. And they sit and discuss politics by the hour and for the year, with no other stimulus than sugared water. Each man had a tumbler of water, and he has a rough pipe of sugar. He stirs the water with the pipe, and by the time the pipe is all gone the water is all gone. But it has lasted an hour or two; it has cost very little, and he orders a second glass, without any headache or any shaking of the hand. When the day comes to vote, he gives a vote which has been founded on a temperance discussion. So soon as I came back to America, a very intelligent Spanish gentleman waited upon me, and said that I must have observed the temperance of the Spanish nation. He said it was based on the use of sugared water, and he wanted me to call upon gentlemen interested in temperance, who would contribute the capital for the opening of a Spanish drinking saloon in Boston, where Democrats and Republicans and prohibitionists might meet, as their brothers in Madrid do, and discuss the politics of the time without the danger of any headache the next morning. But I quailed; I told him I doubted whether we could bring the intense American eagerness down to the entertainment which he proposed to provide. While awaiting some light in these directions, I have steadily protested against the open bar. I do not know who invented that excellent phrase, "perpendicular drinking," but I have used it in discussion for ten or fifteen years. "The bar must go. Perpendicular drinking must go."—*Edward Everett Hale.*

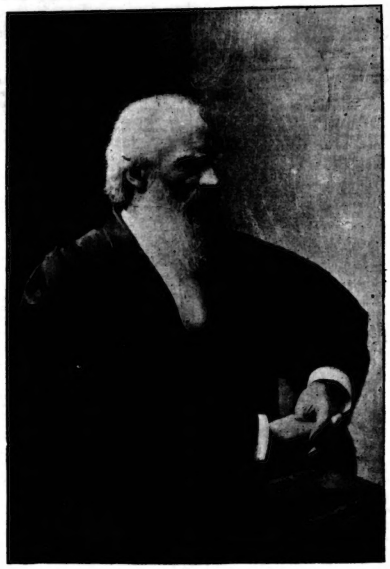
Cricket News.

SOME cricketers have the habit of carefully seeing that they are not ready when required to go to bat, and when called such a one will affect a mild surprise and ask for his bat and his leggings and his gloves and keep perhaps five hundred people waiting while he leisurely equips himself. I like to see a man of that stamp make a duck even when he is playing on my own side and the game is at stake, because his affectation is not only vulgar, but it is unjust to spectators and players. The man who attempts by such means to subdue his nervousness and augment his vim, had better give up, for only an unhealthy victory can in such a way be gained over one's natural tendencies. Speaking about this habit of studied dilatoriness reminds me of a rather amusing occurrence on the Bloor street grounds this summer. An eleven from a small country village was playing a team under the leadership of Cap. Collins, and she entire outfit brought by the villagers consisted of three unmated leggings, two creaky bats and one batting glove that was something of a relic. Despite all Cap. Collins could do one or two of his men neglected to get ready until after the previous batsman had been retired to the pavilion and everybody had to wait and wait while the coming man would go to his locker and maul over a big pile of material—his own private outfit—choose what he felt like wearing, buckle them on and saunter out. At last one of the visiting team grew impatient and devised a remedy. "Mr. Collins, Mis-ter Col-lins, halica!" he called. "Say, make your next man get ready. Don't let him wait until one of these men gets out. You can use any of our material, you know; everything's over there. Gosh, it loses a lot of time when you wait to change leggings and everything. You might have been using our stuff all along if you'd only thought to ask me," he concluded in a burst of true cricketer's generosity. Mr. Collins did not try to explain, but as the financial standing of the Toronto Club and of the individual players required rehabilitation in the eyes of the ruralites, the remaining batsmen of the team, according to my truthful informant, forthwith clothed themselves every man in his private leggings and gloves and with his private bat across his knees awaited his turn.

The performance of F. W. Terry and Dr. Beemer in putting up 186 runs without the loss of a wicket against the Toronto Club at the London Asylum last week was a feat never before approached in Canada, as far as I can learn by consulting authentic old cricketers. Of course the word, "authentic" rules out those chaps who lay around on the grass at all the games and tell you how they carried their bats for 407 in a game between Todmorden and Brownsville twenty years ago. Mr. Terry followed up his 112 with 56 and 60 next day for Toronto against London, and I see it is stated that he has made over one thousand runs this year and is in a fair way to beat the American record before the season is much older. He has at all events established his claim to being the leading bateman of Canada. About 75 is his favorite score of late and I would feel like contributing something towards a banquet in his honor should he pile up some such figure in the international this year, as I fully expect he will.

It is to be hoped that the outside delegates to the meeting of the Canadian Cricket Association will do their duty by attending the meeting for the selection of the international team. Unless they do they there will no longer be any warrant for complaints that the team is not sufficiently representative. I have always recognized one fact creditable to what may be called "the late ring," and it is this, that it had the enterprise to take hold of things when others drowally neglected to do so. Of course there are some people in jail for taking hold of things that others have drowally neglected, but there is a difference between stealing a horse and usurping a prerogative. If the outside branches of the association hang back, why then, those who are present are likely to hit off the eleven as best they know how. The committe would strike the same gait as in previous years, but any fault there might be in the selections made would be transferred to outside districts which failed to send delegates to the meeting.

A. SLOW LOBB, JR.



The Late Sir Daniel Wilson.

Chips.

Folly's pains are wisdom's gains.

Love hath no dearer privileges than his service.

She that wasteth crumbs throweth away pleasures.

The true philanthropist belongs to the largest brotherhood.

Discussion hath its purpose—that of convincing each man of the correctness of his own views.

Were there a blot in the heavens people would never know it by looking up—unless it overshadowed them.

Where there are valleys of depression will be found hills of promise and mayhap mountains of exaltation.

Though people of a certain temperament prepare for disasters which in the natural order of things cannot and do not overtake them, most disasters remain unprepared for until after they have arrived.

Why Not?

Cawker—What is this pair of spectacles worth?

Jeweler—Three dollars.

Cawker—Can't you knock off half because I'm blind in one eye?

What She Feared.

Miss Rosebud America (waiting to be presented at the court of St. James)—I really begin to feel very nervous, mamma.

Madam Pilgrim America—Of what, my love? Of her royal highness?

Miss Rosebud America—Oh, no, indeed, mamma; of my train.

On the Stair.

For Saturday Night.

My little laughing daughter,
Climbing slowly toward the sky,
Throwing kisses from the stairway unto all,
Carols sweetly: "Good night, Papa!"
"I will tiss 'oo, by an' by,"
"In de mornin' when I hear de 'parrows tall."

Refrain:

"I will tiss 'oo, by an' by!"
O what love-light lingers nigh
When the children toss their kisses on our care!
O the trust-life undefiled—
Of a loving, happy child!
What a music in the "Good-night"
On the stair.

Like a white-rob'd angel vision
She had call'd on every one,
Dwyding sunbeams, smiles and kisses at each chair;
Leaving "Papa" in his sanctum
Quite ecquestiably alone,
But I caught and kissed "The Rascal" on the stair.

Refrain:

"I will tiss 'oo, by an' by!"
O what love-light lingers nigh
When the children toss their kisses on our care!
O the trust-life undefiled—
Of a loving, happy child!
What a music in the "Good-night"
On the stair!

We are growing old and sober—
So we sometime sadly say—
And have burdens more than heart or brain can bear:
How the childrens cheery chatting
Chases chaing gloom away!
There is more than rest and sunlight on the stair.

Refrain:

"I will tiss 'oo, by an' by!"
O what love-light lingers nigh
When the children toss their kisses on our care!
O the trust-life undefiled—
Of a loving, happy child!
What a music in the "Good-night"
On the stair.

So we climb Our Father's stairway
To the restful realms above,
In His infinite protection, here and there
We have hope to see the morning
And the fulness of His love;
We find Him close beside us on the stair.

Refrain:

When the light—beyond the night—
Flashes on immortal sight,
In the glory of the Home beyond compare,
By our ways, the Father's praise,
Shall have perfect paraphrase,
As we land His tender keeping
On the stair.

LLEWELLYN A. MORRISON.

Childhood Memories.

The following poem, published in 1861 by Miss Lina Warren of Belleville, Ont., in the *Republican and Democrat*, an American journal, will recall to some readers of SATURDAY NIGHT the memory of a life of promise cut short in its first blush of fame. Miss Warren was the daughter of the well known manufacturer of that name, of Belleville and Bridgewater, and late of Montreal. At the age of sixteen she had written extensively, both poems and prose, and had published stories and sketches in the *Waverley Magazine*, the *Republican and Democrat* and other American papers. Her writings showed genius of a high order, even at that early age, but her marriage to Capt. T. A. Howard rendered it necessary for her to abandon her literary pursuits and devote herself wholly to domestic affairs. She died at the age of twenty-eight, and with her decease sank into oblivion that poetic genius which, like a brilliant meteor, shone all the brighter for its short-lived flight. Her two sisters live in this city.

The thoughts of other days come o'er my spirit
Like a dream, to chase away its gloomy sadness!
Years have passed since last I gazed
Upon those hills and waters; and
As memory's chain is around me,
Life's early joys steal, in all their freshness,
O'er my heart.

Once more I gaze
Upon my own proud hills! Each bud
And flower seems blooming as in days
Of old, where free and happy as
The birds that sang above my head,
I lived in joyous ecstacy. I seem
To see the scenes once blended with the
Happy hours of youth and gladness,
And feel that life—though sometimes
Shadowed by the sombre wings of care—is not
Quite all sadness. Methinks again
I roam beside the winding stream
That pushes on through verdant meadows
And grassy hillocks; glee fully it seems
To dance along and then lose itself
Amid the waters of the ocean.
No! Its bright waters have not ceased
To play—the bright wave still flashes on
Its gladness to the sunlight. And by
Its sunny margin the wild flowers
Ope their tiny petals to the sun.

Still memory leads me on,
And I behold the grand old forest;
The summits of its stately pines seem to
Pierce the heaven's blue dome. And feathered
Songsters with sweetest strains send
Melodious melody from every tree;
They know no care; God has made them
The free possessors of unbounded happiness;
Their homes are among the green, leafy bowers,
They sweep along the sunbeam's track.

Oh, early joys! How sweet, how beautiful
They are! So bright that they seem but
The creation of a fairy's dream. With livid glow
They light up the sorrows of after life;
And oh, what joyous felicity,
Innocent childhood hours!
No shadow of a care comes to banish happiness;
Ah, never will I forget thee, bright,
Happy childhood. And love for thy memory
Will flow on, in unfading brightness,
Deep in the buried channels of the heart.

Bees.

For Saturday Night.

Humming in the sunshine 'neath the apple trees,
Where the petals falling scent the summer breeze.

Busy, ever busy, golden humming bees,
Of the flower harvest leaving but the lees.

Pink and white the glory shading lawn so green
Of that garden dearest, fairest ever seen.

Just awake the pansies, lilies and blue bells,
Humming bees above them weave your fairy spells.

Over miles so weary yearns my heart to thee,
In the city's turmoil humming peace to me.

Humming, humming, humming in the drowsy air,
Freedom from all sorrow balm for every care.

EDITH CARTER.

Scattered Rose Leaves.

For Saturday Night.

In my path they lay
Scattered by some hand, in wanton mood,
And to me—they look'd like heaven born words
Of praise to Him, who ting'd their lovely cheek.
With rosiate hue—yea tho' beneath my feet,
I felt their subtle power, as if they spoke
Words of cheer, of trusting faith, to do good
On this Sabbath day.

Goderich. ELOISE A. SKIMINGS.

Between You and Me.

A VERY warm-hearted Irish woman, from some uncomfortable region in the great North-West, has written me as follows: "Blessings on you for what you wrote about Ireland. If only people would go and see our country and our people for themselves, we would get justice." That is so Irish! Always the national sense of being hardly used; always the hearty gratitude for the kind thought, and always the grace to express it! But, my dear Mrs. Patrick, everyone can't go and see for themselves; and nothing but seeing, with uncritical and loving looks, and that peculiar interest in the beloved land, which is filtered through the veins of generations, in some mysterious manner (the interest, not the Land) and which makes us involuntarily say "Home" instead of Ireland or England, or whatever the place may be, when we talk of it. This predisposition to love it, this giving of the tender little appellation, which grew up in us while we were yet in tuckers and pantalettes, is necessary to us before we can properly see Ireland. I saw so many admiring people round Killarney and Dublin, and in the more beaten tracks, over which I occasionally wheeled, Americans, foreigners of all sorts which the circumstances of the centenary had called together, but not in very many did I catch that tell-tale moistening of the eyes, that sudden silence and quick drawn breath, that intent look when some very beautiful or very ancient sight was to be seen which confessed the strain Hibernian.

"I'll us some more about it," says the lady from the North, "for it does me good to read about dear Ireland." I was going to suggest that my correspondent should subscribe for a certain daily which is certainly "telling us about it" from one point of view, but perhaps one Toronto paper is all she cares to tackle just now. I have a funny little memory of Mr. Blake's visit to Ireland, which rises before me as I write. When, after ten days of zig zag riding through the breadth of the land, from Dublin to Killarney, I got back by train to Dublin, the first thing I was asked was "Do you know Mr. Edward Blake?" It so happened that the last time I saw that gentleman was on King street, when he inspected my new bicycle and gave me some very useful hints about the care of it, so I avowed my long and admiring acquaintance, and suggested that of course he had come over for the Trinity College Tercentenary. "I dare say," acquiesced my informant, in the thoughtless and happy-go-lucky Dublin way, and forthwith I dragged her to the "intelligence office," at the College, to discover where Mr. Blake was to be found. The secretary was in his office, very busy, locating his variegated professors and delegates, and when he politely enquired my business, I stated my desire to locate Mr. Blake. Now, the secretary is a rabid Unionist, and his face was a sight to see! *"Certainly not!* I know nothing of the person. I am looking a man of that name has come from America to contest Longford in the Home Rule interest, but I can assure you, he is not one of *our* guests!" I did not wilt, though my friend did. I looked calmly at the frowning secretary, and said pityingly, "I suppose you are a Unionist. I have heard of those people, since I came over from Canada!" and then I told him quite a few things more about Mr. Blake than he knew before, and he apologized and we were as chummy as possible; who can help being so with a Dublin man when he is nice? But I did not see our Chancellor in the College Square, and I was really disappointed about it!

I heard quite a few opinions about him, though, and they were decidedly soothing to my feelings. He did manage to ingratiate himself with some very stiff Unionists. We heard a good deal of political raving as we passed from town to town and saw what are described as "elegant" election rows. I was glad to properly father a word which has long been credited to our neighbors across the lines. "Real elegant," which is (Irishized) "rale illigant," must have strayed across by steerage some decades ago, for it is Irish-made. In Derry, where party feeling is strong, but self-control more *en evidence* than in the south and west, I had a funny interview with a Unionist draper, from whom I was trying to buy a Connemara cloak. Some careless remark of mine brought up the fiery question, and the draper, finding an embryo Home Ruler, freshly landed, could not resist his duty and inclination to make a convert. So he pranced about with the roll of crimson cloth under his arm, and set the political situation before me, instead of the Connemara cloak. And I, having time to spare and a desire for instruction, listened for a good half-hour to the clear and convincing arguments of the man who spoke with his heart and his pocket as inspiration. In the end I ordered the cloak, and he made his convert, to the extent of convincing me that the Unionists were fully justified in opposing Home Rule, as "self-preservation is the first law of nature," and Home Rule would be, to say the least, unhealthy for them. On my return to Derry, I found my draper friend mildly jubilant over the state of the polls, which had, almost at the hour of my arrival, been declared fatal to Justin McCarthy, and between my admiration of the Connemara cloak, which seemed to breathe snugness and comfort from everyone of its voluminous crimson folds, and my regret at leaving the dear land of my fathers, I am almost afraid I gloried with the draper over his political triumph!

For, in Ireland, one learns how to be sympathetic, even with those who are on the "other side" of opinions. The very atmosphere of the country fills one with a desire to emulate the natives in blarney, in shallow protests of friendship and regard, which are not intended to deceive, but which don't always come from the depths of sincerity and conviction. Never mind! It is pleasanter to be gracious and acquiescent and bright and sympathetic, and it is a bore to always be digging up the flowers of friendship to see whether they have roots. The rose in the vase is sweet while it lasts, and we enjoy it, nor quarrel with it because in due time it withers!

LADY GAY.

Individualities.

The Queen is to stay at Osborne until the latter end of August, when she "moves the Court" direct to Balmoral till about the 14th of November.

Lady Charlotte Schreiber has presented her almost priceless collection of fans to the British Museum. She has been gathering them for many years.

Liliuokalani, Queen of the Sandwich Islands, is so ardent a temperance advocate that she will have no wines or spirituous liquors at her dinners or receptions.

Jean de Reski, the popular tenor, has been ordered to rest his voice until he commences his American tour. His horses have this season won more races in Russia than anyone else's.

A set of spoons especially intended for birthday souvenirs has been designed by a girl of fourteen—Alma Atkinson of Albany. Each spoon handle indicates the month for which it is named.

The Maharajah of Baroda, in India, owns the most valuable regalias in the world. He has among other things a gorgeous collar containing five hundred diamonds, some of which are as big as walnuts.

Tenniel, *Punch's* clever cartoonist, lost one eye by an accidental blow from a foil when fencing with a friend over fifty years ago. He is now seventy-two, and as strong of limb and clever of fingers as in his youth.

Olive Schreiner, the author of The Story of an African Farm, only received sixty-five dollars for that work. When she is in London, she lives in a very small suite of rooms in a building devoted to workingwomen.

The five chains of pearls forming the necklace worn on state occasions by the Baroness Gustave de Rothschild are valued at a million dollars. The most valuable collection of black pearls in the world is owned by the Empress of Austria.

Dr. Felix Adler, the eloquent apostle of the New York Society of Ethical Culture, who is now visiting London under the auspices of Dr. Stanton Coit, is not, as has been stated, related to the Chief Rabbi, Dr. Hermann Adler. The two men have absolutely nothing in common except the name.

Madame Carnot, wife of the President of France, has made herself very popular since she became mistress of the Elysee Palace. It was a dull place in Madame Grevy's day, and had a thoroughly *bourgeois* air about it, but Madame Carnot has altered all that and made it most attractive.

Messrs. W. K. Vanderbilt and Seward Webb are going to the World's Fair in their steam-yachts, provided the canal locks on the route are sufficiently deep to float their vessels. One of their agents has made application to Collector Clark for the figures showing the depth of water in the canals.

Lord Wolseley, as commander of the forces in Ireland, has issued an order forbidding champagne being put on the table when he visits any of the corps. This recalls a famous remark made by Sir Charles Napier when he was leaving India. He exhorted the young officers to cease drinking "unpaid champagne."

Andrew Carnegie owes a great deal of his success in life to his mother, who was an uneducated woman with a very strong Scotch accent. Having lost her husband, she brought her two boys to this country, and worked hard for their daily bread. Mr. Carnegie was very devoted to the old lady, and only when she died did he marry.

Prince Christian, one of Queen Victoria's sons-in-law, ventured to vote at the recent English elections. As he did not vote for a Gladstonian candidate, the Radical papers are attacking him. One of them says that if people who have enjoyed parish relief are disfranchised, so ought pauper princes, who are supported by the people.

Mrs. Langtry's two-year old, Milford, has at last been beaten. It was presented to her by Abingdon Baird, who, when the fair actress transferred her affections to young Peel, was very anxious to get it back, but Mrs. Langtry would not return it, and hopes to win the next Derby with Milford. If she does, it will be the first time a woman has won the blue ribbon of the turf.

An Elopement from the Noble Ward

IT was a hot day. Snooks, with the perspiration and the dye of his hat trickling down his face and the handle of the lawn mower in his hands, said it was "a darn hot day." Squire Dollittle asked him if he was ever going to finish that job. "Well," said Snooks, "the Lord or whoever it was invented this kind of weather only knows, but if I'm not done for before this job then I guess I'll finish it." Snooks wiped out the inside of his hat, mopped up the purple sweat that had collected on his naked cranium, put on his hat again and recommenced to shove the mower. When the squire left him Snooks paused and pulled up his breeches. Snooks was always pulling up his breeches, for they had the improper habit of falling dangerously low. He wore only pants and shirt. Suspenders or belt he regarded in the same light as his winter flannels—not to be tolerated in such weather as this. He trusted their function to the tenacity of a great overlapping which he had cultivated on his ample stomach. As an extra precaution against accidents in the discharge of this function Snooks always stood with his legs wide apart. But this was only possible from the knees downwards, for so strongly was the mutual attractive force manifested in his knees they rapped against each other as he walked and even stuck together like brothers when he stood with his pedal extremities several feet apart.

He was standing in the latter attitude wrapped in thought and perspiration, when a jovial, deep, mellow voice called him to himself.

"Hello, Snooks!" it said. "How yo' getin'?"

Snooks looked up and beheld a gigantic son of Africa towering over him.

"Well, Walter Grains," he said, at the same time pulling up his breeches again, "the fact is I could get on better with a good deal more money and a sight less work."

"Ha! ha! ha! ho! ho! ho!" laughed Walter and stepping up to Snooks he smote him such a hearty smack on the back that the poor mower of grass was sent sprawling across the lawn, holding his nether garments up and his ruffled temper down with all the tact of a man who respects alike the little decent proprieties of life and the physical superiority of a giant negro.

"Ho! ho!" laughed Walter again. "Yo' am jes' de party I'se lookin' fo', Snooks. Dems my sent'ments 'zackly—mo' tin an' less work. Oh, Lor', dats good! Snooks, jes' listen to me a jiff. I've got a scheme dats wuth ten ob grass-cuttin'." And he drew himself up to his full height and, like an artist looking critically at his own handiwork, Walter stepped backward to watch the effect of his words

"Spit it out, Walter," said Snooks, "I'm all years fur any scheme for 'mealioratin' the hard-workin'. Spit it out, Walter." And Snooks pulled up his breeches and hid the waistband deep within the adipose folds of his capacious form.

Walter Grains stretched out one large pink palm in the center of which he pointed one large black finger and commenced to bore.

"I'se jes' like dis," he said and Snooks looked hard at Walters hand to see the connection. "I ain't got no 'bjection to 'nforn yo' direck dat I'se dead gone on Dinah Johnson. Mo' 'n dat, I kin say dat her eyes shine when she sees dis big niggah comin'. Now, Snooks, I want yo' help, I'se guin to 'lope wid my honey to-mo' night. I'se got eighteen chickens 'n if yo' see me frough dis fa'r, I'se guin to gibe yo' ebery blend pullet, den yo' kin let de grass grow an' libe on de interrust ob de price ob fresh eggs. Am yo' in it, Snooks?" and Walter tested the strength of Snooks' air castles by a sounding slap on the shoulders, and his castles did not fall.

"AM YO' IN IT, SNOOKS?"

"Go on Walter," said Snooks, "I'm listenin', tell me what you want me to do; I'm all years," and Snooks backed up his statement by baring his venerable head.

"Well, de fust ting yo' am to do is to skin 'roun an' sell yo' lawn mo', 'cause yo' ain't guin to need it no mo', den come to me. Yo' see Dinah am de finest gall in de ward, 'n all de coons on Center street am hustlin' after her. I'spec dey'll all try to stop me to-mo' night, an' 'tween me 'n yo', Snook, I'se guin to fool de whole gang. Yo' get yo' whiskas tooken off 'n I'll habe some bu'ned cork to make yo' face the respec'ble color. I'se got a big job 'fore me to make yo' ugly face 'pear 't all like Dinah Johnson's, but I'se got to make de best ob a bad job. So jes' as soon as yo' hab 'sposed ob yo' machine look me up."

He slapped Snooks on the back and left him to his meditations. And Snooks did meditate for fully five minutes: then, as if he had been caught napping, he looked guiltly around, lifted his lawn mower to his shoulder so as to make no noise, and stole quietly away.

Half an hour later he had two dollars in his pocket, but no lawn mower on his shoulder, and he was on his way to Walter Grains' in the center of the Noble Ward. Ottawa has its French half breed settlement, Hamilton has its Corktown, Toronto, best of all, has its Noble Ward. In every city this tendency of individuals of like nationality to combine to form a distinct body is more or less clearly marked. And though the gathering of the Jews may cause orthodox ministers to shake their heads significantly, and although we ourself are orthodox we fail to apprehend a Hebrew convocation with any more fear than we felt in watching the growth of the colored population in the Noble Ward. For we did watch the rise of the Noble Ward, and now, with mingled feelings, we are watching its hastening obliteration. Property owners, the police force and the local improvement system have had the intended effect, and the name of the Noble Ward is gradually losing its charm. The giant sons of the dark continent have nearly all passed out of the boundaries of their little settlement and the picaninnies play baseball on the sidewalks no more. Fifteen years ago things were otherwise. Darkey hoedowns were then in order, midnight jubilees to emphasize the welcome of a "bran new picaninni" were of frequent occurrence and water melon festivals by no means rare.

But these things are the birthright of every negro, and the enjoyment of them is to the negro his commonplace existence. Once a year, however, the commonplace, even in this wide interpretation that we have put upon the word, was overstepped by denizens of the Noble Ward.

The annual moonlight excursion was looked forward to by every negro in the ward. If you ever found one of them grudging the price of a water melon you were safe in your conclusion that he was calculating on the cost of the moonlight excursion. If the coppers were scarce in the Sunday contribution box at certain seasons you could be sure that the moonlight excursion was at hand. When Walter Grains said that he was "goin' to 'lope wid his honey to-mo' night," he was thinking of the moonlight excursion.

"To-mo' night" came and a glorious night it was. Not a cloud to spoil the beautiful effect of purity suggested by a vast expanse of clear blue and the twinkling brightness of a million diamond-like stars.

Down by the shore of the bay the darkies were gathering. Their mellow voices in their peculiarly pleasing dialect were wafted across the calm water, and their rollicking laughter rose and fell with the little breeze that was blowing from the land. Dozens of cheap row-boats, scows and punts were already on the water. Little screams and shrill laughs were heard when some big negro would lift a timid wench into a boat.

Further along the beach, apart from the main body, three dark figures were busy rigging a long sail on a bright green little sail boat. One of them was dressed in petticoats and bonnets, and we should have been spoken of it as Dinah Johnson had not Walter Grains turned to it and said:

"Now, Snooks, all yo' am to do is to say dat yo' am feelin' squeamish and don't speak no mo'. Yo' look zackly like Dinah an' 'a long 'a yo' ain't fool 'nuff to 'gin blabbin', I reckon no puason ain't gwin to 'spect yo'. Yo's got de pullets now and I'se got Dinah. I reckon I kin get 'long 'I yo' kin. Come heyar," and Walter lifted the devoted Dinah lightly into the skiff. Then he called loudly, "Mistah Johnson! Mistah Johnson," and a short sighted, wheezing old negro made away from the crowd. "Was dat yo' calling me Waltah Grains?" he wheezed as he tottered up to Walter. "I'se de party," answered Walter, "'n' I wanted to say dat se'n yo' daughter Dinah thinks herse'f too high 'n' mighty to sit in de same boat wif me, I'd vise yo' to look after her yo' se'f. Me 'n' cousin Sambo am gwin out 'lone. S' long," and he shoved off and left Snooks petticoats and all to the tender care of Dinah's affectionate, though short sighted, father.

"Well, Dinah," said the old man, "I'se reel proud of yo' conduck in refusing to go wif dat big, lazy Walter Grains. 'Sides, dere's Moses Gardner lookin' every where fo' yo'. An' yo' know, Dinah, dat he owns dat nice little cottage on Emma street, an' if he wants yo' to be Mrs. Gardner I don't want dat yo' should disappoint him."

"Laws a-massy!" cried the worthy subject of the old man's last remark, coming up, "whar yo' bin all night, Dinah? I'se bin lookin' fo' yo' fo' de last—I d' know how long. De boat's waitin'," and blindly amorous Moses hurried Snooks into the boat. Meantime Walter Grains' little skiff was gliddy slowly out into the bay, and some of the darkies were remarking how affectionate Walter was to his cousin Sambo.

Very soon everybody was on the water. Banjos were playing and negro songs were being sung, and the little fleet moved outwards.

Walter Grains' was the only sail boat, and he was about a hundred yards ahead of the others. In a deep, soft voice he was singing:

"Dey fastes bo' yo' 'n de mass
Widd de muffashe on his face,
Go long de road some time dis mornin'
Like he's gwin to leab de place,
He seen a smoke way up de ribber
Whar de Lishmn gun boats lay,
He took his hat an' lef' very sudden
An' I spec he's run away."

While he was singing every one was silent but as soon as the verse was finished with one burst every voice took up the chorus:

"De mass run ha! ha!
De darkeys stay ho! ho!
It mus' be now de kingdom comin'
An' de year ob jubilo!"

There is nothing in the world so good for raising the spirits as a darkey song on a moonlight night and soon everyone was enjoying to the utmost the annual moonlight excursion.

Everyone? No, Snooks was in agony. Moses was making love.

"I guess it precious mean of yo' to sit thar 'thout openin' yo' mouff," he was saying, "an mo' 'n dat, Dinah, I ain't gwine to stand it. Dat sumpin' wrong 'n I'se gwin to know what it are. Yo' know well 'nuff dat I'se lobed yo' right 'long 'n' I'd spoke 'fore, ony I tho't I'd jes' hol' up till de 'scursion 'n' habe a good chance. I want yo' to come 'n' libe in my little cottage wif me. I want yo' to be Mrs. Gardner."

Snooks was desperate, the perspiration stood out on his brow and threatened to wash it clean. Sambo was leaning forward waiting for an answer. Snooks was so hot that he put his hand over the gunwale and let it drag in the water. He could hear Walters voice away over the bay:

He drill so much dey call him cap'an,
An he get so drefful tanned,
I spec he try an' fool dem Yankees,
For to think he's contraband!

At the conclusion of the verse, Snooks nervously drew his hand out of the water. It was washed clean. Moses jumped to his feet in the boat and pulled off Snooks bonnet and the moon turned dim with envy as the bright bald head was disclosed. Moses stooped down and taking Snooks by the shoulder shook his big black fist in his face.

"Whar's Dinah Johnson," he demanded.

Snooks trembled, but for a moment was silent. Then, "ask Walter Grains," he said.

Moses thought for a few moments after which he placed his two hand to his mouth and roared, "Walter Grains am runnin' off wid Dinah Johnson!"

All the merriment and laughter ceased instantly and a dead silence followed. Then the many admirers of Dinah began calling to one another in quick exclamatory voices, and the oars began to splash and very soon the whole fleet was hurrying after a little sail that was lessening in the distance, and two mellow voices that sounded bitterly sweet across the water. Dinah and Walter were singing We Won't Come Home Till Morning. Soon the breeze fell again and the little skiff was standing still. The dashing, splashing shoal of boats was drawing near.

"Spec we am bein' chased," remarked Walter as he withdrew one arm from Dinah's embrace to pass the boom to the other side of the boat.

"Ain't it jes' lubbly," sighed Dinah and she fell back contentedly into Walter's arms.

"But don't yo' feel 't all skeered ob all dem niggahs chasin' yo', Dinah?" asked Walter.

Dinah looked into his big sparkling eyes and with a smile that showed her beautiful pearly teeth said, "Not while yo' keep yo' arm right thar."

And Walter continued to keep his arm "right thar."

The puffing, blowing fleet was now upon them.

"Walter Grains," Moses cried out, "yo' jes got to hand over Dinah Johnson at once, or ten of us niggahs am gwine to 'lack yo' bout 'n frow yo' overboard. We got Mistah Johnson's order to bring Dinah home."

"Is dat yo', Mosie?" said Walter. "How yo' gettin' on? Jes tell Mistah Johnson dat Dinah ain't comin' home till mornin', an' when she does come she won't be Dinah Johnson no mo'. Her name will be Dinah Grain!"

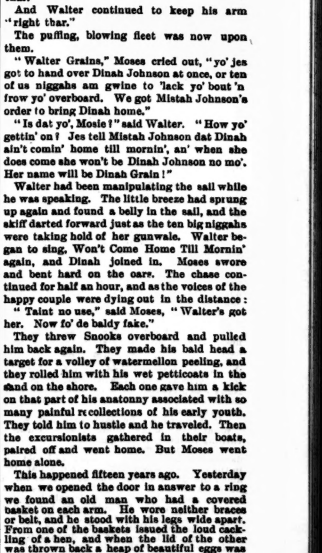
Walter had been manipulating the sail while he was speaking. The little breeze had sprung up again and found a belly in the sail, and the skiff darted forward just as the ten big niggahs were taking hold of her gunwale. Walter began to sing, Won't Come Home Till Mornin' again, and Dinah joined in. Moses swore and bent hard on the oars. The chase continued for half an hour, and as the voices of the happy couple were dying out in the distance:

"Taint no use," said Moses, "Walter's got her. Now fo' de baldy fake."

They threw Snooks overboard and pulled him back again. They made his bald head a target for a volley of watermellon peeling, and they rolled him with his wet petticoats in the sand on the shore. Each one gave him a kick on that part of his anatomy associated with so many painful recollections of his early youth. They told him to hustle and he traveled. Then the excursionists gathered in their boats, paired off and went home. But Moses went home alone.

This happened fifteen years ago. Yesterday when we opened the door in answer to a ring we found an old man who had a covered basket on each arm. He wore neither brace or belt, and he stood with his legs wide apart. From one of the baskets issued the loud cackling of a hen, and when the lid of the other was thrown back a heap of beautiful eggs was laid bear.

"Any eggs to-day, sir? Fine and fresh, sound and secure, and the largest laid, and only twenty-five cents a dozen! Not fresh?



MISS DINAH.

Sir, I ain't one of them thief fakirs that sells the God-given fruit of the hen without giving proof of their quality." Then he shook the other basket and the indignant hen manifested her objection after the manner of hens. "Harken to that! Sir, I carry the living proof of the freshness of my eggs, and when any man tells me my eggs ain't fresh I jes' shake that basket and say, 'Harken to that,' an' that man chokes off and feels mean. Any eggs today, sir?" and he deposited his baskets on the door step and pulled up his breeches.

"Why, Snooks!" and when we had shaken hands I asked him about Walter Grains.

"Oh! Walter's a fair'ly man now," said Snooks; "got eight kids, and they keep the 'tattle bugs off six acres of plants. Got a mule and two cows, and Dinah makes slick butter. Mules carry the vegetables to Toronto market twice a week, and he calls his place 'The Noble Ward Market Garden,' and the first boy is called Snooks."

"Do you think you made a good bargain in selling your lawn mower to help Snooks?"

Snooks took off his hat and rubbed his bald head and a painful look came over his face.

"Well, I d' know sackly," he said. "I d'mit I now have more money and a sight less work, but I had a terrible experience that night. No, I wouldn't do it again, darn if I would!"

Snooks pocketed the price of four dozen eggs, took up his baskets and walked away puffing and blowing.

FULLAS A. TICK.

In the Days of the Mutiny:

A Military Novel.

BY G. A. HENTY,

Author of "The Curse of Carne's Hold," "A Hidden Foe," &c.

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CHAPTER XX.

Prepared as the mistress of the Zenana was to find a great change in the captive's appearance, she was startled when, soon after daybreak, she went in to see her. The lower part of her face was greatly swollen, her lips were covered with white blotches. There were great red scars round the mouth and on her forehead, and the skin seemed to have been completely eaten away. There were even larger and deeper marks on her neck and shoulders, which were partly uncovered, as if by her restless tossing. Her hands and arms were similarly marked. She took no notice of her entrance, but talked to herself as she tossed restlessly on the couch.

There was but little acting in this, for Isobel was suffering an agony of pain. She had used the acid much more freely than she had been instructed to do, determined that the disfigurement should be complete. All night she had been in a state of high fever, and had for a time been almost delirious. She was but slightly more easy now, and had difficulty in preventing herself from crying out from the torture she was suffering.

There was no tinge of pity in the face of the woman who looked at her, but a smile of satisfaction at the manner in which the potion had done its work.

"The Nana can see her now," she said to herself; "there will be no change in the arrangements here."

She at once sent out word that as soon as the Rajah was up he was to be told that she begged him to come at once.

An hour later he came to the door of the Zenana.

"What is it, Poomba?" he asked. "Nothing the matter with Miss Hannay, I hope?"

"I grieve to say, your highness, that she has been seized with some terrible disease. I know not what it is, for never did I see a woman so smitten. It must be an illness contracted from confinement and bad air during the siege, some illness that the Europeans have, for never did I see aught like it. She is in a high state of fever, and her face is a terrible state. It must be a sort of plague.

"You have been poisoning her," the Nana said roughly; "if so, the penalty for your life shall be the forfeit. I will see her for myself."

"She has had no poison since she came here, though I know not but what she may have had poison about her, and may have taken it after she was captured."

"Take me to her," the Rajah said. "I will see for myself."

"It may be a contagious disease, your highness. It were best that you should not go near her."

The Rajah made an impatient gesture, and the woman, without another word, led him into the room where Isobel was lying. The Nana was prepared for some disfigurement of the face he had so admired, but he shrank back from the reality.

"It is horrible," he said, in a low voice. "What have you been doing to her?" he asked, turning furiously to the woman.

"I have done nothing, your highness. All day yesterday she lay in a torpor, as I told you in the evening, when you enquired about her, and I thought then she was going to be like those watched her all night. She has been restless and disturbed, but I thought it better not to go nearer lest I should be near her, and it was not until this morning, when the day broke, that I perceived this terrible change. What shall we do with her? If the disease is contagious everyone in the palace may catch it."

"Have a closed palanquin brought to the door, wrap her up and have her carried down to the Subada Ke Kothee. Let her give it to the women there. Burn all the things in this room and everything that has been worn by those who have entered it. Let the Rajah know this matter later on, and those I find have had a hand in any foul play shall wish that they had never been born."

As soon as he had left, the woman called Rabda in.

"All has gone well," she said, "your father's philter is powerful indeed. Tell him whenever he needs a service he has but to ask it of me. Look at her, did you ever see one so disfigured? The Rajah has seen her and is filled with loathing. She is to be sent to the Subada Ke Kothee. Are you sure that the malady is not contagious? I have persuaded the Rajah that it is; that is why he is sending her away.

"I am sure it is not," Rabda said, "it is the result of the drugs. It is terrible to see her; give me some ointment."

"What does it matter about her now that she is harmless?" Poomba said scornfully. Being, however, desirous of pleasing Rabda, she went away and brought a pot of ointment, which the girl applied to the sores, the tears falling down her cheeks as she did so.

The salve at once afforded relief from the burning pain, and Isobel gratefully took a drink prepared from fresh limes.

She had only removed her gown when she had lain down, having done this in order that it should not be burnt by the acid, and that her neck and shoulders might be marked with it, for she had indicated that this strange eruption was all over her. Rabda made signs for her to put it on again, and pointing in the direction of Cawnpore, repeated the words her mistress and Isobel felt with a thrill of intense thankfulness that the stratagem had succeeded and that she was to be sent away at once, probably to the place where the other prisoners were confined. Presently the woman returned.

"Rabda, you had best go with her. It were well that you should leave for the present. The Rajah is suspicious; he may come back again and ask questions, and as he knows you by sight, and as you told me your father was in disfavor with him at present, he might suspect that you were in some way concerned in the matter."

"I will go," Rabda said. "I am sorry she has suffered so much. I did not think the potion would have been so strong. Give me a useful of fresh limes and some cooling lotion, that I may leave with her there."

In a few minutes a woman came up to say that the palanquin was in readiness at the gate of the Z-nana garden. A large cushion was taken off a divan, and Isobel was laid upon it and covered with a light shawl. Six of the female attendants lifted it and carried it downstairs, accompanied by Rabda and the mistress of the Zenana, both closely veiled. Outside the gate was a large palanquin, with its bearers and four soldiers and an officer. The cushion was lifted and placed in the palanquin, and Rabda also took her place there.

"Then you will not return to day?" the woman said to her in a voice loud enough to be heard by the officers. "You will remain with her for a time, and afterwards go to see your friends in the town. I will send for you when I hear that you wish to return."

The curtains of the palanquin were drawn down; the bearers lifted it and started at once for Cawnpore.

On arrival at the large building known as the Subada Ke Kothee, the gates were opened at once at the order of the Nana's officer, and the palanquin was carried across the court yard to the door of the building which was used as a prison for the white women and children. It was taken into the great arched room and set down. Rabda stepped out, and the bearers lifted out the cushion upon which Isobel lay.

"You will not be wanted any more," Rabda said, in a tone of authority. "You can return to Bithoor at once."

As the door closed behind them several of the ladies came round to see this fresh arrival. Rabda looked round till her eye fell upon Mrs. Hunter, who was occupied in trying to hush a fractious child. She put her hand on her arm and motioned to her to come along. Surprised at the summons, Mrs. Hunter followed her. When they reached the cushion Rabda lifted the shawl from Isobel's face. For a moment Mrs. Hunter failed to recognize her, but as Isobel opened her eyes and held out her hand she knew her, and with a cry of pity she dropped on her knees beside her.

"My poor child, what have these fiends been doing to you?"

"They have been doing nothing, Mrs. Hunter," she whispered. "I am not so bad as I seem, though I have suffered a great deal of pain. I was carried away to Bithoor, to the Sahib's Zenana, and I have burnt my face with caustic and acid, and they think I have some terrible disease, and have sent me here."

"Brave, brave indeed! Bravely and nobly done! We had best keep the secret to ourselves; there are constantly men looking through the bars of the windows, and some of them may understand English."

Then she looked up and said, "It is Miss Hannay; she was captured with us. Rabda, I promise help me to carry her over to the wall there, and my daughter and I will nurse her; it looks as if she had been terribly burnt, somehow."

Many of the ladies had met Isobel in the happy days before the troubles began, and great was the pity expressed for her appearance. She was carried to the side of the wall, where Mary and Mrs. Hunter at once made her as comfortable as they could. Rabda, who had now thrown back her veil, produced from under her dress the net containing some fifty small limes, and handed to Mrs. Hunter the pot of ointment and the lotion.

"She has saved me," Isobel said; "it is the daughter of the juggler who performed at your house, Mrs. Hunter. Do thank her for me, and tell her how grateful I am."

Mrs. Hunter took Rabda's hand, and in her own language thanked her for her kindness to Isobel.

"I have done as I was told," Rabda said simply; "the Sahib Bathurst saved my life, and when he said the lady must be rescued from the hands of the Nana, it was only right that I should do so even at the price of my life."

"So Bathurst has escaped," Mrs. Hunter said, turning to Isobel. "I am glad of that, dear; I was afraid that all were gone."

"Yes, I had a note from him; it is by his means that I got away from Bithoor. He sent me the caustic and said to burn my face. He told me Mr. Wilson had also escaped, and perhaps some others may have got away, though he did not seem to know it."

"But surely there could be no occasion to burn yourself as badly as you have done, Isobel."

"I am afraid I did put on too much acid," she said; "I was so afraid of not burning it enough, but it does not matter, it does not pain me nearly so much since I put on that ointment; it will soon get well."

Mrs Hunter shook her head regretfully.

"I am afraid it will leave marks for a long time."

"That is of no consequence at all, Mrs. Hunter; I am so thankful at being here with you that I should not care if it left marks on my face was always to be as bad as it is now. What does it matter?"

"It does not matter at all at present, my dear, but if we can get out of this horrible place, some day you may think differently about it."

"I must go now," Rabda said. "Has the lady any message to send to the Sahib?" and she again handed a paper and pencil to Isobel.

The girl took them and scribbled a few lines before written—"Thank God you have saved me. Some day, perhaps, I may be able to tell you how grateful I am, but, if not, you will know that I do appreciate it, and that I will do all in my power for what you have done for me. Pray do not linger longer in Cawnpore. You may be discovered, and if I am alive I will embitter my life always to know that it had cost you yours. God bless you always.

"Yours gratefully, ISOBEL."

She folded the paper and gave it to Rabda, who took her hand and kissed it; and then drawing her veil again over her face she went to the door, which stood for a moment open.

Some men were bringing in a large cauldron of rice. The sentries offered no opposition to her passing out, as the officer with the palanquin had told them that a lady of the Rajah's Zenana would leave shortly. A similar message had been given to the officer at the main gate, who, however, requested to see her hand and arm to satisfy him that all was right. This was sufficient to assure him that it was not a white woman passing out in disguise, and Rabda at once proceeded to her father's house.

As she expected, he and Bathurst were away, for she had arranged to meet them at eight o'clock in the garden. They did not return until eleven, having waited two hours for her, and returning home in much anxiety at her non appearance.

"What has happened? Why did you not meet us, Rabda?" her father exclaimed, as he entered.

Rabda rapidly repeated the incidents that had happened since she had parted from him the evening before, and handed to Bathurst the two notes she had received from Isobel.

"Then she is in safety with the others," he exclaimed in delight. "Thank God for that, and thank you, Rabda, indeed, for what you have done."

"My life is my lord's," the girl said quietly. "What I have done is nothing."

"If we did but know, Rujub, that she would be moved at once, we might have rescued her on the way."

Rujub shook his head.

"There are far too many people along the road, sahib; it could not have been done. But, of course, there was no knowing, as she was sent off directly after the Nana had seen her."

"Is she much disfigured, Rabda?" Bathurst asked.

"Dreadfully," the girl said sorrowfully. "The acid must have been too strong."

"I was strong, no doubt," Bathurst said, "but if she had put it on as I instructed her, it could only have burnt the surface of the skin."

"It has burnt dreadfully, sahib; it was so should hardly have known her. She must be brave indeed to have done it. She must have suffered dreadfully, but I obtained some ointment for her and she was better when I left her. She is with the wife of the Sahib Hunter."

"Now, Rabda, see if the meal is prepared," Rujub said. "We are both hungry and you can have eaten nothing this morning."

He then left the room, leaving Bathurst to read his letters, which he still held in his hand, feeling that they were too precious to be looked at until he was alone.

It was some time before Rabda brought in his breakfast, and, glancing at him, she saw how deeply he had been moved by the letters. She went up to him and placed her hand on his shoulder.

"We will get her for you, sahib. We have been successful so far, be assured that we shall succeed again. What we have done is more difficult than what we have to do. It is easier to get twenty prisoners from a jail than one from a Rajah's Zenana."

"That is true enough, Rabda. At the moment I was not thinking of that, but of other things."

He longed for sympathy, but the girl would not have understood him had he told her his feelings. To her he was a hero, and it would have seemed to her folly had he said that he felt himself altogether unworthy of Isobel Hannay. After he had finished his breakfast Rujub again came in.

"What does the sahib intend to do now?" he asked.

"As far as I can see there is nothing to do at present, Rujub," he said. "When the white troops come up she will be delivered."

"Then will my lord go down to Allahabad?"

"Certainly not. There is no saying what may happen."

"That is so," Rujub agreed. "The white women are safe at present, but if, as the sahib thinks, the white soldiers should beat the troops of the Nana, we can say what will happen. The people will be wild with rage; the Nana will be furious—he is a tiger who, having once laid his paw on a victim, will not allow it to be torn from him.

"He can never allow them to be injured," Bathurst said. "It is possible that as our troops advance he may carry with all of us hostages, and by the threat of killing them may make terms for his own life, but he would never venture to carry out his threats. You think he would?" he asked.

Rujub remained silent.

"I think so, sahib; the Nana is an ambitious man; he had wealth and everything most men would desire to make life happy. But he wanted more: he thought that when the British Raj was destroyed he would rule over the territories of the Pelshwa, and be one of the greatest rulers of the land. He has staked everything on that; if he loses he has lost all. He knows that after the breach of his oath and the massacre here, there is no pardon for him. He is a tiger—and a wounded tiger is most dangerous. If he is, as you believe he will be, defeated, I believe his one thought will be of revenge. Every day brings news of fresh risings. Scindia's army will join us; Holkar's will probably follow. All Oude is rising in arms. A large army is gathering at Delhi. Even if the Nana is defeated here, all will not be lost. He has twenty thousand men; there are well nigh two hundred thousand in arms round Lucknow alone. My belief is that if beaten his first thought will be to take revenge at once on the Feringees, and to make his name terrible, and that he will then go off with his army to Lucknow or Delhi, where he will be hailed as one who has dared, more than all others, to defy the whites, who has no hope of pardon, and can therefore be relied upon above all others to fight to the last."

"It may be so, Rujub, though I can scarce believe that there exists a man who would give orders for the murder of hundreds of women and children in cold blood; but, at any rate, I will remain on watch. We will decide upon what I will be the plan to rescue her from the prison, if we hear that evil is intended; but, if not, I can remain patiently until our troops arrive. I know the Subada Ke Kothee, it is, if I remember right, a large quadrangle with no windows on the outside."

"That is so, sahib; it is a strong place, and difficult indeed to get into or out of. There is only the main gate, which is guarded at night by two sentries outside, and there is doubtless a strong guard within."

"I would learn whether the same regiment always furnishes the guard; if so, it might be possible to bribe them."

"I am afraid it would be too dangerous to try. There are scores of men in Cawnpore who would cut a throat for a rupee, but when it comes to breaking open a prison, to carry off one of these white women whom they hate, it would be too dangerous to try."

"Could you not do something with your art, Rujub?"

"If there were only the outside sentries it would be easy enough, I could easily put them to sleep with a wave of my hand, but I could not affect the men inside, whom I do not know even by sight. Besides, in addition to the outside sentries, there would be some of the men who have been told off to look after the prisoners. It will require a great deal of thinking over, sahib, but I believe we shall manage it. I shall go to-morrow to Bithoor and show myself boldly to the Nana. He knows that I have done nothing to him, and his anger will have cooled down by this time, and he will listen to what I have to say. It will be useful to us for me to be able to go in and out of the palace at will, and as I shall first news from those about him. It is most important that we should know if he has evil intentions towards the captives, so that we may have time to carry on our plans."

"Very well, Rujub. You do not expect me to remain idle for 1 know not how long, and yourself out if I were obliged to wait here doing nothing."

"No, sahib; it will be perfectly safe for you to go about, just as you have done, if you put on any other disguise you like. You would rather what is said in the town, can listen to the Sepoys, and examine the sahib's Ke Kothee. If you like I will go there with you now. My daughter shall come with us; she may be useful, and will be glad to be doing something."

They went out from the city beside the prison house, which stood in an open space where there were several other buildings, some of them surrounded with gardens and walls.

The Subada Ke Kothee was a large building, forming three sides of a square, a strong high wall forming the fourth side. It was low, with a flat roof. There were no windows or openings in the outside wall, the chambers all facing the courtyard. Two sentries were at the gate. They were in the red Sepoy uniform, and Bathurst saw at once how much the bonds of discipline had been relaxed. Both had loaded their muskets against the wall, one was squatted on the ground beside his firearm and the other was talking with two or three native of his acquaintance. The gates were closed.

As they watched, a native officer came up. He stood for a minute talking with the soldiers. By his gesticulations it could be seen he was exceedingly angry, and the men took their muskets and began to walk up and down. Then the officer knocked at the gate. Instead of its being opened a man appeared at a loophole in the gate tower, and the officer handed to him a paper. A minute later the gate was opened sufficiently for him to pass in, and was then closed behind him.

"They are evidently pretty strict," Bathurst said. "I don't think, Rujub, there is much chance of our doing anything there."

Rujub shook his head. "No, sahib, it is clear they have strict orders about opening and shutting the gate.

"It would not be very difficult to scale the wall of the house," Bathurst said, "it is low and a hook at its end; but that is only the first step. The real difficulty lies in getting the prison room open in the first place for no doubt they are locked up at night—and in the second in getting her out of it and the building."

"You could lower her down from the top of the wall, sahib."

"Yes, if one could get her out of the room they are confined in without making the slight est stir, but it is almost too much to hope that one could be able to do that. These men in charge of them are likely to keep a close watch, for they know that their heads would pay for any captive they allowed to escape."

"I don't think they will watch much, sahib; they will not believe that any of the women, broken down as they must be by trouble, would attempt such a thing, for even if they got out of the prison itself and then made their escape from the building, they would be caught before they could go far."

"Where does the prison house lie, Rabda?" Bathurst asked.

"It is on the left hand side as you enter the gate; it is the farthest door. Along that side most of the buildings—which have been used for store houses I should say, or perhaps for the guards when the place was a palace—have two floors, one above the other. But this has a large vaulted room extending from the ground to the roof. It has windows with iron gratings; the door is very strong and heavy."

"And now, sahib, we can do nothing more," Rujub said. "I will return home with Rabda and then go over to Bithoor."

"Very well, Rujub, I will stay here and hear what people are talking about."

There were indeed a considerable number of people near the building; the fact that the white prisoners were all there seemed to exercise a fascination, and even the women brought their children and sat on the banks which marked where gardens had once been, and looked at the white captives. Bathurst strolled about among the group of Sepoys and townspeople. The former talked in loud tones of the little force that had already started from Allahabad, and boasted how easily they would cut up the Feringees. It seemed, however, to Bathurst that a good deal of this braggadocio was assumed and that among some, at least, there was an under current of doubt and uneasiness, though they talked as loudly and boldly as their companions.

The townspeople were of two classes; there were the budmashes or roughs of the place, who uttered brutal and ferocious jokes as to the probable fate of the white women. These were others who kept in groups apart and talked in low voices. These were the traders, to whom the events that had taken place foreboded ruin. Already most of the shops had been sacked, and many of the principal inhabitants murdered by the mob. Those who had so far escaped, had been in some instances to the protection afforded them by Sepoy officers, saw that their trade was ruined, their best customers killed, and themselves virtually at the mercy of the mob, who might again break out upon the occasion of any excitement. These were silent when Bathurst approached them, His attire and his arms so ostentatiously displayed in his sash, marked him as one of the dangerous class, perhaps a prisoner from the Allahabad road, just thrown open on the first night of the Sepoy rising.

For hours Bathurst remained in the neighborhood of the prison, but the man set, and the night came on. Then a small party of soldiers came up and relieved the sentries. This time the number of the sentries at the gate was doubled, and three more were posted, one on each of the other sides of the building. After seeing this done he returned to the house. After he had finished his evening meal, Rujub and Rabda came into the room.

"Now, sahib," the former said, "I think that we can tell you how the lady is. Rabda has seen her, and spoken to her, and touched her; there is sympathy between them." He seated Rabda in a chair, placed his hand on her forehead, and then drew the tips of his fingers several times slowly down her face. Her eyes closed. He took up her hand, and let it fall again. It was limp and unpassive. Then he said authoritatively: "Go to the prison." He paused a moment.

"Are you there?"

"I am there," she said.

"Are you in the room where the ladies are?"

"I am there," she repeated.

"Do you see the lady Hannay?"

"I see her."

"How is she?"

"She is very quiet. The other young lady is sitting beside her. The lower part of her face is bandaged up, but I can see that she is not suffering as she was this morning. She looks quiet and happy."

"Try and speak to her. Say, 'keep up your courage, we are doing what we can.' Speak, I order you."

"I have spoken."

"Did she hear you?"

"Yes. She raised herself on her arm; she is looking round; she has asked the other young lady if she heard anything. The other shakes her head. She heard my words, but does not understand them."

Rujub looked at Bathurst, who mechanically repeated the message in English.

"Speak to her again," he said, "if her these words," and Rujub repeated the message in English.

"Does she hear you?"

"She has clasped her hands, and is looking round bewildered."

"That will do. Now go outside into the yard; what do you see there?"

"I see many men sitting round a fire. One gets up and walks to one of the grated windows, and looks in at the prisoners."

"Is the door locked?"

"It is locked."

"Where is the key?"

She was silent for some time.

"Where is the key?" he repeated.

"In the lock," she said.

"How many soldiers are there in the guard-room by the gate?"

"There are no soldiers there. There is an officer and four men outside, but none inside."

"That will do," and he passed his hand lightly across her forehead.

"Is it all true?" Bathurst asked, as the juggler turned to him.

"Assuredly it is true, sahib. Had I had my daughter with me at Deennugghur, I could have sent you a message as easily; as it was, I had to trust only to the power of my mind upon yours. The information is of use, sahib."

"It is, indeed; it is a great thing to know that the key is left in the lock, and also that at night there are the prison keepers only inside the building."

"Does she know what she has been doing?" he asked, as Rabda languidly rose from her chair.

"No, sahib; she knows nothing after she has recovered from these trances."

"I will watch to-morrow night," Bathurst said, "and see at what hour the sentries are relieved. It is evident that the Sepoys are not trusted to enter the prison, which is left entirely to the warders, the outside posts being furnished by some regiment in the lines. It is important to know the exact hour at which the changes are made, and perhaps you could find out to-morrow, Rujub, who these warders are; whether they are permanently on duty or are relieved once a day."

"I will do that, sahib; if they are changed we may be able to get at some of them."

"I have no money," Bathurst said; "but——"

"I have money, sahib, and if they can be bribed will do it; our caste is a rich one. We sometimes receive large presents, and we are everywhere made welcome. We have little need of money. I am wealthy and practice my art more because I love it than for gain. There are few in the land that know the secrets that I do. Men (in without having sons to pass down their knowledge; thus it is the number of those who possess the secrets of the ancients grows smaller every day. There are hundreds of jugglers, but very few who know, as I do, the secrets of nature, and can control the

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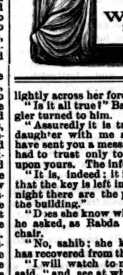

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spirits of the air. Did I need greater wealth than I have, Rabda could discover for me all the hidden treasures of India, and I could obtain them guarded though they may be by djins and evil spirits."

"Have you a son to come after you, Rujub?"

"Yes; he is traveling in Persia, to confer with one or two of the great men there, who still possess the knowledge of the ancient magicians."

"By the way, Rujub, I have not asked you how you got on with the Nana."

"It was easy enough," the fuggler said. "He had lost all interest in the affairs of Deenugghur, and greeted me at first as if I had just returned from a journey. Then he remembered, and asked me suddenly why I had disobeyed his orders and given my voice for terms being granted to the Feringees. I said that I had obeyed his orders; I understood that what he principally desired was to have the women here as prisoners, and that bad the siege continued the Feringees would have blown themselves into the air. Therefore the only plan was to make terms with them, which would in fact place them all in his power, as he would not be bound by the conditions granted by the Oude men. He was satisfied and said no more about it, and I am restored to my position in his favor. Henceforth we shall not have to trust to the gossip of the bazaars, but I shall know what news is received and what is going to be done.

"Your people at Delhi have beaten back the Sepoys several times, and at Lucknow they resist stoutly. The Nana is very angry that the place has not been taken, but from what I hear the entrenchments there are much stronger than they were here, and even here they were not taken by the sword but because the whites had no shelter from the guns, and could not go to the well without exposing themselves to fire. At Lucknow they had some strong houses in the entrenchments and no want for anything, so they can only be captured by fighting. Everyone says they cannot hold out many days longer, but that I do not know. It does not seem to me that there is any hope of rescue for them, for even if, as you think, the white troops should beat Nana Sahib's men, they never could force their way through the streets of Lucknow to the entrenchments there."

"We shall see, Rujub. Deenugghur was defended by a mere handful, and at Lucknow they have half a regiment of white soldiers. They may, for anything I know, have to yield to starvation, but I doubt whether the mutineers and Oude men, however numerous they may be, will carry the place by assault. Is there any news elsewhere?"

"None, sahib, save that the Feringees are bringing down regiments from the Punjaub to aid those at Delhi."

"The tide is beginning to turn, Rujub; the mutineers have done their worst and have failed to overthrow the English Raj. Now you will see that every day they will lose ground. Fresh troops will pour up the country, and step by step the mutiny will be crushed out; it is a question of time only. If you could call up a picture on smoke of what will be happening a year hence you would see the British triumphant everywhere."

"I cannot do that, sahib. I do not know what would appear on the smoke, and were I to try misfortune would surely come upon me. When a picture of the past is shown on the smoke, it is not a page I know of, but which one of those present knows. I cannot say which even among them may know it; it is always one that has made a strong impression on one mind, but more than that I do not know. As to those of the future I know even less; it is the work of the power of the air which no name I whisper to myself when I pour out the incense, and to whom I pray. It is seldom that I show these pictures; he gets angry if called too often. I never do it unless I feel that he is propitious."

"It is beyond me altogether, Rujub; I can understand your power of seeing absent things, and of your daughter seeing at a distance. I have heard of such things at home; they are called mesmerism and clairvoyance. It is obscure at all; but that some men do possess the power of influencing others at a distance seems to be undoubted, still it is certainly never carried to such perfection as I see it in your case."

"It could not be," Rujub said; "white men eat too much, and have too strong feeds for mortification to fit a man to become a mystic; the spirit gains power as the body weakens. The Feringees can make arms that shoot far distances, and carriages that travel faster than the fastest horse, and great ships and machines. They can do many great and useful things, but they cannot do the things that have been done for thousands of years in the East. They are tied too fast to the earth to have aught to do with the spirits that dwell here. A learned Brahmin, who had studied your holy books, told me that your great teacher said that if you had faith you could move mountains. We could well nigh do that if it were of use to mankind; but were we to do so merely to show our power we should be struck dead. It is wrong even to tell you these things. I must say no more."

Four days passed. Rujub went every day for some hours to Bithoor, and told Bathurst that he heard that the British force, of about fourteen hundred whites and five hundred Sikhs, was pushing forward rapidly, making double marches each day.

"The first fight will be near Futtehpore," he said. "There are fifteen hundred Sepoys, as many Oude tribesmen, and five hundred cavalry with twelve guns, and they are in a very strong position, which the British can only reach by passing along a road through a swamp. It is a position that the officers say a thousand men could stand against ten thousand."

"You will see that it will not delay our troops an hour," Bathurst said. "Do they imagine they are going to beat us when the natives see that two to one in their favor; if so, they will soon learn that they are mistaken."

The next afternoon when Rujub returned he said: "You were right, sahib; your people took Futtehpore after only half an hour's fighting. The accounts say that the Feringees came on like demons, and that they did not seem to mind our firing in the slightest. The Nana is furious, but they still feel confident that they will succeed in stopping the Feringees at Dung. They lost their twelve guns at Futtehpore, but they have two heavy ones at the Pandoo Bridge, which sweep the straight road leading to it for a mile; and the bridge has been mined and will be blown up if the Feringees reach it. But, nevertheless the Nana swears that he will be revenged on the captives. If you are to rescue the lady it must be done to-night, for to-morrow it may be too late."

"You surely do not think he will give orders for the murder of the women and children?"

"I fear that he will do so," Rujub answered gloomily.

Each day Bathurst had learnt in the same manner as before what was doing in the prison. Isobel was no longer being nursed; she was assisting to nurse Mary Hunter, who had, the day after she was transferred to the prison, been attacked by fever, and was the next day delirious. Rabda's report of the next two days left little doubt in Bathurst's mind that she was rapidly sinking. All the prisoners suffered greatly from the close confinement; many had died, and the girl's description of the scenes she witnessed was often interrupted by her sobs and tears.

(To be Continued.)

Lots of It.

From Boston—I understand you have made great improvements in your architecture in the West.

In the Hammock—Improvements—well I guess we have! Why, at Kansas City we have more styles of architecture in one building than you have in the whole of New England.

Correspondence Coupon.

The above coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Questions, scraps of paper, etc., should be pinned to it. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

WORRYER.—Writing not sufficiently formed for delineation.

E. F. W.—A very easy-going but conscientious person, with some prejudices and decided good temper, generosity, taste, adaptability and the faculty of keeping to purpose; what is necessary.

SECRETARY.—Your writing shows great imagination and love of planning, enterprise, some ambition, energy and a touch of temper. You are clever, careful and cautious in speech, impulsive and warm-hearted, persevering and rather fickle in affections.

LEO TEMPY.—A very large and generous nature, bound to be respected as well as loved, strong in will, but tender in affection, persevering, fond of a quiet joke, decidedly able and clever, with discretion and good judgment. In fact taken altogether an admirable study.

A WILD ROSE.—A rather careful and precise young lady, with geniality, constancy, good judgment and self-control, but neither faddy nor peculiar. Hope not sufficiently not shown, neither original nor keen sense of humor, but writer is conscientious, kind and generous, with a certain amount of imagination and perseverance.

PSYCHE.—1. You can send your study as you mention, if you send coupon, and it will be answered in this column. 2. Your writing shows such want of culture and care that I am sure you will not wish to hear a delineation: as for self-reliance and sociability, it is hard to pick them out of such an inartistic writing but they are there in a small degree.

INEZ L.—Your writing shows extreme refinement of thought and manner, but lack of business ability, you are sharp in judgment, sometimes cynical, discerning, a little disposed to economy, hasty and decided in opinion, more just than generous, apt to overlook details, though you may worry over them, a woman every inch, without one masculine aspiration.

DONELLA, J. M.—Its silent, love of effect, indecision and rather a wayward fancy are shown. Writer is fond of praise, which she often merits, but lacks determination and perseverance. Care and originality are shown, and a trifle of self consciousness. That study does not give very satisfactory returns, but I fancy the reason is that, though original, it is still immature.

RUTH.—Your writing shows impulsive feeling, energy, not always directed by judgment nor ruled by be f-control, you have talent and originality, indecision and pride, rather a brave and constant nature, good self-esteem, social instincts, some lack of discretion, and taste which would be better for sympathy and consideration, it is good, but not as good as a softer tone would make it.

J. S. MONRY.—Your writing shows ability and a pleasant temper, rather a love of display, but good sense, and though inclined to self indulgence, yet neither mean nor unsympathetic. Some originality, taste and ideality are shown, methodical mind and good business ability; all the impulses are upward, and you respect yourself and your neighbor; are considerate of others, but rather hard to please.

CHUBBIE.—I certainly should like to hear from you again, especially all about the wedding. You're a queer child. I hope you will some day be married to some one who can appreciate you, for you are a kind-hearted soul, and will doubtless make a capital little wife. You would not be pleased with a study of your writing just now, as it is not formed, and would give you anything but compliment; I think time will show in it.

NORNECHIPP.—This writing shows hasty judgment, independent thought, rather a large heart, fond of social pleasures, constancy in effort, not an undue love of ease, rather open in speech, not much consideration for others, with generosity and honesty to make a fair showing, some ideality, with a tendency to despond in time of trial. Writer is rather deliberate than otherwise, and has perhaps not enough decision and self-reliance.

J. E. T.—Sorry, my good Winnipeger, that your answer did not come in next issue. I could easily accommodate the great North-West. You are bright and breezy, enterprising and energetic, but of course the majority of people in the fair sex, persevering, but not made of stuff to bear up under reverses. I should think you could engineer a boom, invent a flying machine, or do anything else, and will doubtless make a capital little wife. You would not be pleased with a study of your writing just now, as it is not formed, and would give you anything but compliment; I think time will show in it.

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TOTGUN.—You are decidedly self-assertive, not to say egotistic, but you are companionable, sweet-tempered and kind, hasty, I don't think you are deceitful or mean, but not altogether and cleanly veracious, in fact rather prone to exaggeration in speech and in a little tendency to be too open to the influence of surroundings, and of a very sympathetic and easily led nature; are fond of fun, and by no means wanting in perseverance and a good deal of stamina, air castles. If you were only more settled and reliable, I might find no fault in you, in spite of your terrible *nom de plume*.

PAPA.—You are hearty, hasty and probably a business man; lack caution and discretion in speech, also you are fond of your own way, but wouldn't be mean or disagreeable for the sake of getting it. I can fancy you enjoying some one else's joke, but not making one yourself. You have ability, perseverance, defective judgment and rather too much love for novelty; she is the young lady who would teach the heathen how to dance, I believe her delineation is somewhere in this column. Neither you nor she have the dignity and tact necessary for the chiefdom, and you'd better stay at home and dance with each other.

1892.—You ask what I think of physical culture. I put the same as mental culture, namely, that it is to be carried out on to the furthest point which the subject can support. Live outdoor, which one very seldom sees, is of course injurious. In that case one could hardly call it culture. Don't be afraid of the thing—learn to breathe, stand, sit, walk and generally conserve your energies, and do all for whatever exercise you can master, in the open air if possible. 2. You have not quoted the verse about which you ar quite quite correctly, "Assail" and "fade" don't make rh, me. I don't know from whence it is taken.

YALEMAN.—Your questions are rather amusing, but I will try and answer them seriously. In the first place I don't think I should waste thoughts on the young man who presented you with flowers but a pretty intelligent girl, either of them on, if you are very amiable, or leave them alone, and suggest that the lady would probably prefer the gift firsthand. 2. It is very wrong indeed to dance a great many times with the same partner. If he is much sought after you should give some one else a chance; it is a stupid or an awkward person it looks as if you could command no one else. I danced twice is often enough to dance with the same partner if he is very nice; if you are not, you might dance twice if you want to dance three times, but for above reason I don't think it advisable. 3. If you can, you should answer an invitation as soon as you receive it. 4. Call on the first reception day after the party unless it falls on the very next day. In that case wait a week.

BEATRICE.—I decidedly refuse the patronizing appellation you have been kind enough to bestow upon me. I am not a "dear little Dutch lassie." Fortune telling costs money, so I am fellow, and I bestow a character on you for nothing. Sometimes it's dear at that price, isn't it? You are clever, and inclined to bolster your conceit somewhat. Well, as to your cleverness, it is something like the remark the farmer on the mountain side made about his farm: "It grew good things if it had room to want too much earth." I am afraid you'll strike rock if you go too deep, too. However, it's a strong, capable and decidedly practical hand, after all, lacking culture, perception and tact, but showing energy, tenacity, self-reliance, good judgment and ambitious tendencies. You are fond of talking and not deliberate enough, very prodigal of effort and apt to lavish time and thought on inconsiderable or unsuitable objects. But you are a companionable, and you might be nice, for there is some indication of it in your chirography, which, while anything but beautiful, is interesting.

His Choice.

Judge Snuffy—Erasmus Lightfoot, you are charged with chicken stealing. Have you a lawyer?

Erasmus—No, sah.

Judge Snuffy—Do you wish the court to assign you a lawyer?

Erasmus—No, sah; no, sah!

Judge Snuffy—What do you wish to do about it?

Erasmus—Well, judge, ef it's all de same t yo', I'd jes' as leave dismiss de case.

Looking on the Bright Side.

Judge—What can you expect of a man who will steal a razor?

Prisoner—'Spec' he'll keep his face clean, boss.

Tempus Mutanter

To marry mell the widow seeds,
Her troubles then are over,
Before she only lived in weeds;
Thereafter lives in clover.

Not Loaded.

Conductor—You'll have to pay full fare for that boy.
Passenger—Oh, come now, Cap! I'll pay full fare f m'self, but th' kid ain't full.

A Stirring Encounter.

This is a story of a duel to the death between two wild creatures in the remote forests of South America. The battle was watched from beginning to end by Manuel, the tiger hunter. The duel was between a spotted tiger and a boa constrictor. It was in the afternoon of a hot day that Manuel walked softly down the path that led to the camp, but upon this occasion he was creeping along with unusual stealthiness, for he had a pretty clear idea that a tiger was walking along the path a short distance in front of him. At the proper time he would attract the tiger's attention and offer him battle. Within a few hundred yards of his hut the hunter became aware, from subtle animal instinct, that the tiger had stopped in the path. The hunter paused and listened. There was a rustling in the leaves and a stirring in the undergrowth that he did not quite understand. Undoubtedly the tiger had found something that attracted his attention. The rustling ceased for a moment, but began again a trifle more vigorously. Then came a low, muffled growl, and a thrashing among the leaves, as though the tiger was showing his teeth and swinging his tail from side to side. The hunter crept forward like a shadow. At a curve in the path he stopped short. A strange thing was going on in the narrow path a few yards before him. A tiger was pacing back and forth, with his tail waving and his hair bristling in sudden anger. In front of him lay a huge boa constrictor, coiled ready for a spring. The big snake's eyes shone like diamonds in the sun, and his tongue darted in and out like forked lightning. His great coils were a-quivering with rage and fury. What had stirred up those two wild creatures to a pitch of anger, Manuel was unable to say. The snake had probably been in the path, about to seize some small animal, when the tiger appeared and broke the spell. The tiger wanted the right of way, or at least the chance to pass on one side; but the snake had only tightened its coils and stood its ground with unmistakable signs of an aroused fighting disposition. This annoyed the quadruped to such a high degree that he showed his teeth, growled, and thrashed his tail. It was at this instant that the hunter came along the path and stopped. Neither the snake nor the tiger saw him, and he stepped quickly behind a cactus bush to await his opportunity of being in at the death. By very soon became apparent that there was to be a fight. Both creatures grew more angry each moment, and, watching it all with intense delight, the hunter smiled as one might smile who noted the condition of a favorite gladiator. While Manuel thought these thoughts, these two wild things in the path moved back and forth as though sparring for an opening. The snake was alert with sullen anger, his glistening head darting here and there like flashes of light. The tiger was not so vindictively savage, but his spotted hide quivered with wave upon wave of rising anger. At length the tiger, unable to restrain his rage, leaped at the serpent's swaying head like a dazzle of light, but the snake's head was not there. The tiger landed in the path on the other side of the snake, but almost before he had touched the ground a glistening coil had been thrown over them. He gave a thrilling cry and leaped fully a dozen feet into the air. He landed safe and unharmed on his own side of the path, a little shaken up perhaps, but still full of good fighting blood. The snake was back in an instant, coiled ready for defence. The tiger crouched in the path as if about to spring. The snake quivered with nervous preparations. The hunter caught his breath in quick anticipation. This was the critical moment. Furious beyond all control, the two wild creatures sprang upon each other in the same instant. For a scant half-second there was poised in the air a yellow blur, wrapped about with great glistening coils, like the trunk of a small tree, and then snake and tiger rolled in the dust together. It was a grand battle, and right nobly it was fought. The serpent's coils were tightening about the tiger with strained, convulsive movements of the shining skin, but the tiger's long teeth and claws were buried deep in the serpent's neck and body. In that terrible embrace there could be no result other than death. Tighter grew the great coils; the tiger's bones were crushing one by one. Deeper sank the long teeth; the serpent's life-blood was forming little pools in the path; convulsively the fighters rolled in the path, but weaker and weaker grew their struggles. The end was coming. Perhaps foreseeing it, the tiger made one frantic, desperate effort to free himself from the deadly embrace, but the blood-streaked coils only tightened the more. Then the tiger again sank his teeth and claws into the brown mass of a small tree, and then snake and tiger rolled in the dust together. It was a grand battle, and right nobly it was fought. The serpent's coils were tightening about the tiger with strained, convulsive movements of the shining skin, but the tiger's long teeth and claws were buried deep in the serpent's neck and body. In that terrible embrace there could be no result other than death. Tighter grew the great coils; the tiger's bones were crushing one by one. Deeper sank the long teeth; the serpent's life-blood was forming little pools in the path; convulsively the fighters rolled in the path, but weaker and weaker grew their struggles. The end was coming. Perhaps foreseeing it, the tiger made one frantic, desperate effort to free himself from the deadly embrace, but the blood-streaked coils only tightened the more. 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Then the tiger again sank his teeth and claws into the brown mass of a small tree, and then snake and tiger rolled in the dust together.

The tiger crouched in the path as if about to spring. The snake quivered with nervous preparations. The hunter caught his breath in quick anticipation. This was the critical moment. Furious beyond all control, the two wild creatures sprang upon each other in the same instant. For a scant half-second there was poised in the air a yellow blur, wrapped about with great glistening coils, like the trunk of a small tree, and then snake and tiger rolled in the dust together. It was a grand battle, and right nobly it was fought. The serpent's coils were tightening about the tiger with strained, convulsive movements of the shining skin, but the tiger's long teeth and claws were buried deep in the serpent's neck and body. In that terrible embrace there could be no result other than death. Tighter grew the great coils; the tiger's bones were crushing one by one. Deeper sank the long teeth; the serpent's life-blood was forming little pools in the path; convulsively the fighters rolled in the path, but weaker and weaker grew their struggles. The end was coming. Perhaps foreseeing it, the tiger made one frantic, desperate effort to free himself from the deadly embrace, but the blood-streaked coils only tightened the more. Then the tiger again sank his teeth and claws into the brown mass of a small tree, and then snake and tiger rolled in the dust together.

The hunter caught his breath hard and stepped from the shelter of the cactus bush. The end was at hand. Death was gazing the eyes of the tiger; the serpent's head fell heavily to one side. There was a feeble struggle in the shoulders of the tiger, a galvanic shudder in the coils of the serpent, and then all was still. It was over.

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"What was the text, my son?"

"I forget, pa; but it was from the second chapter of St. Paul."

"St. Paul, eh?"

"Well, I don't know. It might have been Minneapolis."

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"Betwixt and between what?"

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The Rose Tree.

(Translated from Le Franosis for Saturday Night by Henri B. Sully)

"AH! How can one be so abandoned!" cried the old exguardsman, pausing in his walk before a plain, white gravestone, fashioned in the form of a cross.

This was indeed too much. One could hardly imagine the criminal of such a miserable deed. Never! No, God be thanked, never had he experienced such an unthought of emotion as that which for several days had perplexed him, roused his indignation and finally crushed his spirit within him. And yet it was only yesterday that he had gone his rounds through the quiet walks and was still and calm and restful.

Just thirty years ago Jean had quitted his regiment—the remnant of the Guard—and thanks to good services and gallant conduct, evidences of which he would point with pride to the shape of medals and a few ugly scars, he had obtained the modest position of guardian of the cemetery of Ivry.

An old bachelor, without relatives, and having lost sight of his old comrades, he found himself alone in the world, without any affection, save for the medals which hung upon his breast, and had, in the ordinary course of things, conceived and developed a deep rooted love for the tombstones confided to his care.

Little by little they became his whole life. He looked upon them as his property, and knew by heart the but freshly printed inscriptions on the crosses, wrought by the hand of of Time in the hardened stone. The gravestones were his family, his friends, his regiment, and among them he used to walk slowly, accustomed to but the sound of his own feet upon the gravel, his days flowing along, one into the other, like the river goes flowing down, down, day by day till it loses itself in the great sea—the sea of Death.

But his happiness was fated to pass from him. Suddenly into his life so sweet the poison came. A genuine grief filled his heart and awoke the demon of fury in his breast. Someone was robbing his tombstones. It was a rude shock. The crosses so artistically carven, the gilded inscriptions, all the objects of reverence, were totally forgotten because from one stone that had been resplendent with flowers, flowers that breathed forth the sweetness of life and showed that the one reposing so quietly beneath had not been forgotten. Some hand, unmindful of the fond memento, had plucked the fairest blossoms, leaving behind but a half denuded stem that seemed to cry, "Away! Punish the ruthless robber!"

With clenched hands old Jean stood before the stone, from which he could not withdraw his eyes. Though an old one it was still a fine piece of workmanship. Around it the roses and wildflowers had formed a veritable garden of beauty in the midst of which he who made it slept his eternal sleep.

Alas! this morning what a change! The flower denuded bushes and the trampled earth bore witness to the devastating hands and feet of man—the evening of Nature.

The blood of fury mounted to the old man's head, contorting his features and causing the bitter tears to roll down his weather-beaten cheeks. The cool meanness of this infamous deed passed the bounds of his intelligence. One idea remained to him. "Let me but catch the wretch and ——"

He did not complete the sentence, but shook his fist violently at the empty air as if menacing the unknown, and scattering the pebbles in all directions with his stick he resumed his walk, muttering at every step a refrain which seemed to contain all his rage.

"How can one be so abandoned!"

Suddenly, on turning into a pathway, he perceived some little distance ahead of him a little girl running along at an uncertain gait. She was but scantily clad. Her dress—a mere rag, through which gleamed her rosy skin—was covered with mud, and her garterless stockings flapped about her ankles as she tripped along. Just then her shoeless feet struck against a large pebble. The sudden pain brought a sharp cry from the baby lips, but silencing it in a moment she cast an anxious look around and continued on her way. At some little distance the caretaker followed her. "Probably," thought he, "one of these young beggars who spread themselves over the cemeteries, little vagabonds sent there by their parents to gain alms by the weakness or benevolence of visitors." But suddenly his eyes lighted up with fury, he wished to cry out but stifled with rage could not utter a sound. Motionless he watched the child stoop down towards a tombstone and seizing a rosetree with both hands, shake it violently. She tugged at it with a vigor one would not suppose possible in such a mite and placing her feet against it, with a great effort tore it up by the roots. Then off she set carrying the shrub in her arms and trailing on the ground before her against which at every step she stumbled her feet without uttering a single complaint. She kept on with a jaunty air without noticing the old caretaker following in her footsteps and hissing between his clenched teeth, "Ah! ha! little thief, I have caught you now. You have got yourself into a pretty scrape."

When honest Jean caught up to her far over in an unfrequented corner of the cemetery he found the child on her knees before a tombstone which in its simplicity formed a marked contrast to the grand mausoleums surrounding it. Merely a plain wooden cross carelessly planted in the soil, but round about it in the richest profusion were thrown the most superb flowers. He stopped, involuntarily, regarding with interest the poor child now lying now kneeling upon the frost-hardened ground. She murmured some unintelligible words; her little body was shaken with convulsive sobs; she uttered pitiful moans while big tears coursed down the wasted little cheeks. Then raising her head clasped her little hands and in a high pitched voice woke the silence with a prayer. Then followed a curious scene. Sinking her fingers in the clammy earth she commenced scratching up the dirt with her fingers, and having made a hole of sufficient size, took up her precious rosebush and planted it therein.

Behind her, Jean had instinctively removed his cap, but now with a sudden gesture he replaced it upon his head and, wishing to end the matter, rushed towards the kneeling figure and placing his hand upon her shoulder and turning her towards him with a terrific jerk, cried out in an awful voice, "At last I have caught you, you little robber!"

Startled as if from a dream the child raised her wasted face all blue with the cold. She saw the rough face of the old soldier and in her ears his gruff voice sounded with its threatening refrain of "little robber!"

Then with a scream of fear she attempted to run away, but, paralyzed with the chill morning air, her limbs refused to act, her teeth chattered with the cold, a deadly shivering fit took possession of all her members and held her there, her large frightened eyes gazing into those of her captor. He was visibly affected. Now it seemed to him impossible that this pure little tear-stained face could belong to a "miserable," and approaching her in an almost caressing way proceeded to interrogate her. But the child remained mute.

His choler was raised. "Wake up!" he cried, "speak, or——" He did not finish, for without making any movement to escape the child bent her head. At last she opened her lips—she tried to speak—but the choking sobs prevented her from saying a word. Only hoarse cries and inarticulate sounds came from her throat. Trembling with emotion she sank upon her knees, and spreading out her arms pointed a dirty finger towards the funereal hillock upon which bloomed the roses so lately scattered. Poor old Jean could not understand the scene now passing. His wrath had completely subsided before the unhappy little stranger's woe. He forgot his resentment and raising her from the ground caressed her face with his horny hands, and in a voice rendered almost soft, spoke in her astonished ears:

"Come my child I will not be angry. See, look at me. I am not threatening. Come don't cry, but tell me why you bring flowers from the other tombs and place them here?"

"My mama loved flowers so much, Monsieur."

A sob forced her to stop, but rallying she cried, "She is dead, she is dead, my mama. They have hid her away there and I bring her flowers." "But your father?" queried the old man in a suspiciously shaky voice. The child looked at him as if she did not understand, and clasping her hands said, "I do not know—I know only mama. Nobody but my little mama. Ah! kind air, let me give her the flowers."

The old man quickly raised her in his arms, pressed her to his breast, and crying in his turn covered with kisses the little face almost hidden in his long mustaches. "And why did you not speak to me, *gamine?* And your mother loved flowers! Ah! well, you shall have more. Come with me. My garden is full of them. We will pluck them and bring them to your mamma."

"True! true! Ah! can it be!" cried the child with brightening face, and throwing her arms round his neck kissed him with frantic energy, crying in a voice full of unspeakable happiness, "Oh! how I love you!" Then sliding to the ground the child fell upon her knees, and lifting her face to the blue sky lisped forth:

"Our mother, who art in heaven."

And the old soldier, walking by her side with a dirty little hand tightly clasped in his, murmured to himself, "Poor little robber! Now that I have caught you, your punishment is certain. You will be my own child."

The Presbyterian Ladies' College.

This picture gives a view of the Presbyterian Ladies' College, Toronto, now being remodeled and enlarged. Three years ago Dr. McIntyre, who has been for over twenty-five years favorably known as an educationist in this province, purchased this choice property, opposite the Queen's Park on Bloor street, and established an institution for the higher education of women. So marked was its success that at the end of the first year a large addition was made to the original building, and now at the end of the third year it has become necessary to still enlarge the premises. The extension in front, of stone and pressed brick, makes the building a palatial residence, with the internal arrangements after an ideal, combining a home with the highest educational advantages afforded in our city of schools. In addition to the work of matriculation and first year University course, there is a class preparing for the entrance examinations into the High School or Collegiate Institute.

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"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," but how much more uneasy are the people who are content to walk about in bad-fitting Boots and Shoes. One visit to our establishment is the remedy (and the only one) therefor. Do not delay, as the foot is so delicate in its construction that one pair of those ill-formed and badly cut boots you have been unfortunate enough to secure may ruin your "understanding."

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THE COMPLEXION
Ask your druggist for it, or send to
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BALD HEADS
We warrant Capilline to produce the growth of hair and remove dandruff. No mineral poisons.
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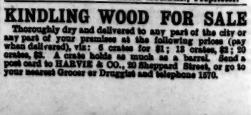

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6 and 8 Jordan Street
This well-known restaurant, having been recently enlarged and refitted, offers great inducements to the public. The Dining-room is commodious and the Bill of Fare carefully arranged and choice, while the WINES and LIQUORS are of the Best Quality, and the ALES cannot be surpassed.
Telephone 1090. HENRY MORGAN, Proprietor.

KINDLING WOOD FOR SALE
Thoroughly dry and delivered to any part of the city or any part of your premises at the following prices (pay when delivered), viz: 4 cranes for $1; 12 crates, $2; 50 crates, $8. A crate holds as much as a barrel. Send a post card to HARVIE & CO., 20 Sheppard Street, or go to your nearest Grocer or Druggist and telephone 1970.

Social and Personal.

(Continued from Page Two.)

life. His play was remarkably good, especially the wink at the audience during a tender scene with "Lady Willowsley." Mr. Bert Winans looked quite handsome in his uniform, and played the dashing officer to perfection, his scene between Mrs. Gadsby and Lady Willowsly being remarkably good. Mr. John McMurray's Dennis could not have been improved upon, and he kept the audience in ecstacies of laughter whenever he was on the stage. The star of the piece was Master Dick Chadwick, who as Jehosaphat, excelled even his sister as Mrs. Gadabout Gadsby. Altogether the evening was a most enjoyable and successful one, and the performers deserved great credit for playing their parts without a tremor, in spite of the flashing lightning and the disturbing wind, which at one time nearly extinguished the footlights.

The choir of Luke's Church are camping at Kew Beach.

Miss Catto of Breadalbane street is visiting Miss Millichamp at Windermere, Muskoka.

A very successful hop was held at Hotel Louise, Lorne Park, last Saturday evening. Among those present I noticed: Mr. and Mrs. Earls, Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Cox, Mr. and Mrs. Piper, Mr. and Mrs. Rowland, Mr. C. Morse, Miss Jacobi, Miss Sparrow, Mr. Mulhull, Mr. J. Pearson, Miss Campbell, Miss Kent, Miss Roper, Mr. G. Kiely, Mr. L. Cosgrave, Capt. Mathews, Mr. Hunter, Mr. S. Cunningham, Mr. J. Firth, Mrs. Brennen, Miss Ritchie, Miss Holderness, Mrs. F. W. and Miss Mossop, Mrs. Curry, Mr. McConkey, Mr. Gorrie and the officers of the steam yacht Viola and their lady friends. The room was tastefully decorated, and the orchestra under the leadership of Mr. F. T. Jennings rendered a choice programme.

Out of Town.

NIAGARA-ON-THE-LAKE.

About ten or fifteen bright, expectant little faces presented themselves at the door of Mrs. James Lockhart's quaint Chautauqua cottage last Wednesday afternoon, in response to an equal number of invitations issued by Mr. Lockhart's vivacious little daughter Edie, who, for the occasion, assumed the duties of hostess. A very jolly evening followed an elaborate tea, after which a general adjournment was made to Mrs. Arthur Jarvis' cottage, which adjoins that of Mrs. Lockhart. Gracious and charming, Mrs. Jarvis stood to receive her guests as they arrived, and a most delightful evening was commenced by a performance of The Three Little Maids, from the Mikado, by the Misses Edith and Constance Jarvis and Miss Edie Heward, all three of whom proved themselves veritable artists, charming their audience with their unaffected grace and beauty, and the finished way in which they presented their parts. Songs, which were a genuine pleasure to those who listened, were given by Capt. Geale, Capt. R. G. and Mr. Geale Dickson, the Misses Lockhart, Miss Jarvis, and last, but far from least, Capt. Dickson's four little ones, who, to light piano accompaniments by Capt. Dickson, sang three or four part songs most charmingly. Their sweet little voices blended in the most exquisite time and melody, and yet so unconscious they seemed of the pleasure and admiration of those around them. Quite wonderful of all were the voices of Arthur and Gladys—the latter a wee little mite of four, whose big, solemn brown eyes were the admiration of everyone. Among those present were: Miss Tiley, the Misses Howland, Mr. Wilson, Messrs. W. and H. Syer, Capt. and Mrs. Dickson, Mr. J. G. Dickson, Miss Way, the Misses Evans, Capt. J. B. Geale, Messrs. F. and W. Geale, Dr. Gibbons, the Misses Heward, Miss Geale, Mrs. Howland. Among the younger ones were Miss Lizzie Alma, Miss Maddy Winnett, Master Joe Syer, Miss Lillian Anderson, Miss Mary Garrett, Miss Edith Lockhart, Miss Flossie Heward, Master Bertie and Ernest Dickson, Miss Evelyn and Baby Dickson, Miss Isabel Howland, and a few others.

One of the most pleasant events of last week was a children's ball, given by Mrs. Winnett at the Queen's Royal, on Thursday evening. A prettier sight than the ball-room presented on that occasion it would be difficult to imagine. At least fifty or sixty little ones were present, and many an older one might well have watched with envy the light fairy forms and dainty little feet that glided so gracefully over the polished floor. Miss Lilian Anderson's dancing was particularly graceful, while Miss Maddy Winnett's waltzing aroused very flattering comment. A few of those present were: Daisy Lansing, Miss Lilly Bryan, Miss Flossie Heward, Miss Mary Garrett, Miss Lilian Anderson, Miss E. and Master Dexter Rumsey, Miss Lizzie Alma, Miss Edith Lockhart, Miss Sara Lansing, Master Bertie and Ernest Dickson, Miss Evelyn Dickson, Master Joe Syer, and Master Charlie Heward. About half past nine o'clock light and dainty refreshments were served in the dining room, which the little merry-makers seemed to enjoy amazingly. Looking on, and occasionally indulging in a waltz or polka were: Dr. Gibbons, the Misses Heward, Mrs. and Miss Foy, Miss Way, Mr. F. Geale, Miss Edith Jarvis, Capt. and Mrs. Dickson, Messrs. W. and Herbert Syer, Mrs. W. Lansing and a few others. Mrs. W. Winnett is to be congratulated upon the success of her evening, which her little guests will not soon forget.

Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Macdougall at their pretty town residence, Rosslyn have been entertaining Rev. W. J. McKain of Parkham rectory, Sussex, England.

Mrs. McPhie, who has been stopping at Bowanwood, has returned to St. Louis.

Mr. and Mrs. Copp and family of Toronto are at Miss Beaven's.

Mrs. Morson, who has visiting friends in Toronto, returned home this week.

Dr. Gibbons of Buffalo, who is becoming a frequent visitor here, has been spending some days in town.

Mr. H. Lansing, of Warren, was in town for a few days.

Mr. L. Pemberton was among the Chautauqua visitors last Sunday.

Miss Annie Anderson is visiting relatives at Fort Erie.

Miss Nova Huntington, who was the guest of Miss Barnard last week, has returned home.

Mr. Morrison is the guest of Mrs. R. G. Wickson.

Mr. F. Geddes has returned to Hamilton.

The Misses Nellie and Nannie Chittenden, of Buffalo, have been visiting Mrs. J. Chittenden, of Riverside.

Buffalo was well represented at the Queen's Royal last Sunday. Some of those who registered were:—Mr. George P. Raymond and family, Mrs. Frank Perew, the Misses Alice and Beatrice Perew, Mr. N. W. and Miss Norton, Mr. F. F. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Worthington, Mr. Alfred Lantz, Mr. C. Minzer, Mr. M. F. Warren, Mrs. Mich. Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Anthony, Mrs. A. K. Hume, Mr. J. A. Moore, Mr. A. H. Gibbs, Mrs. Metvin, Mr. C. C. Noye, Mr. H. E. Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Robinson, Mrs. H. B. Dickinson, Mrs. R. Corbett, Mrs C. G. Krelis, Mr. J. McCready, Mr. D. H. Dickinson, Mrs and Miss McFarlane, Mrs and Miss Mackay, Mr. Edwin Rose, Mr. L. N. Bangs, Mr. M. F. Lantz and family, Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Hodgman.

Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Strathy spent last Sunday with friends here.

Those who were present at the Amphitheatre last Friday evening enjoyed one of the most delightful entertainment yet given this season. The programme was rather short and the performers few, but Mr. Ramsay had spared neither time nor trouble in his efforts to make the evening a pleasant one and as usual, his executions were crowned with the most gratifying success. His own songs, if possible, even better than usual, were received with the wild enthusiasm which always accompanies his appearance upon the platform, and his audience showed little compunction in their repeated demand for encores. Mr. Sturrock, the poet of Chautauqua, who has a rich baritone voice, contributed two songs. Miss Halliday, two solos on the violincello with piano accompaniment by Mrs. Ramsay. Miss Minnie Smith, a little maiden in white, with deep brown eyes and a sweet, intellectual face, made her *debut* at Chautauqua as elocutionist, and was recalled after each selection; but the chief thing of the evening was the Three Little Maids, from Mikado. A curtain arranged for the occasion across the stage, was drawn from either side and grouped in the center in a most charming *tableau vivant* were the three little maids—the Misses Edith and Connie Jarvis and Miss Edith Heward—in their gay and picturesque Japanese costumes. As the first bars of the inspiring music, played by Miss Heward, were repeated, the three quaint figures tripped lightly and gracefully down the steps, and as they reached the front of the stage and broke into their song it would have been difficult to have found three prettier faces or a more charming trio than they. Their acting was perfect, and the costumes, over which Miss Alice Heward had spent such infinite time and thought, were faultless, from the dainty little feet in their white sandals to the artistically arranged hair above the smiling, girlish faces. A very pretty bouquet, tied with white streamers, was handed to Miss Edith Jarvis—the central figure—as they prepared to give the double encore so enthusiastically demanded.

The hop at the Queen's Royal last Saturday was a crowded one, and one of the most enjoyable of the season. The room was full of pretty faces and pretty dresses, and nothing but the excessive heat marred the enjoyment of the evening. Among the many present were: Mr. and Miss Pemberton, Miss Hewgill, Mrs. J. Garrett, Captain Barnard, Captain Brooke, Mr. H. Lander, Mr. Casimir Dickson, Miss Way, Mr. Nelles, Mr. P. and Miss Ball, Miss Plumb, Miss Florence Dickson, Mr. C. and Miss Milloy, Mr. and Mrs. Langdon Wilks, Mr. E. W. Syer, Messrs. W. and Herbert Syer, Miss Edith Jarvis, Capt. and Mrs. R. G. Dickson, Mr. J. Geale Dickson, Mrs. Chester Glass, Mr. Rose, Mr. Cawthra, Mrs. Ramsay, Mrs. D. B. Macdougall, Miss M. Geale, Mrs. C. Hunter, Mrs. and Miss Hodgins, Mr. Cleveland Lansing, Miss Burnett, Mr. F. Brown, Mr. Kilpin, Miss Henderson, Mr. W. Geale, Miss Edith Russell, the Misses Heward, Mrs. and Miss Foy, Dr. Gibbons, Lieut. Loveridge, Miss Griffith, Mrs. and Miss Geddes, Mrs. Beale, Miss Godson, Mrs. and Miss Winnett and Mr. E. Ball. Miss Way looked very pretty in a gray cashmere. Miss Plumb, white cashmere and lace. Miss Burnett wore a very handsome yellow brocaded silk, finished with silk and black lace. Miss Griffith's gown was much admired; it was of white delaine and merveilleux, with white Irish point lace. Mrs. Ramsay wore white lawn and lace. Miss Florence Dickson wore black grenadine with a blouse of a very pretty shade of seafoam. Miss Godson, pale yellow silk. Mrs Glass looked very handsome in black. Miss Hodgins wore a very pretty gown of white cashmere, finished with old gold satin ribbon. Miss Strathy, whose bright face has been so much missed in the ballroom of late, wore black net. Miss Henderson, crimson, Miss Geddes, pink and silver.

Mr. and Mrs. Cleghorn were at the Queen's last Sunday, also Miss Florence Dickson of Galt, Miss Annie Plump, Mr. and Mrs. Langdon Wilkes of Galt, Mr. Casimir Dickson, Mrs. Chester Glass of Spokane, Judge Kingsmill of Walkerton, Mrs. D. Coulson and family, Mr. and Mrs. Cortland, Miss J. Graham, Mr. and Mrs. Manning, Miss E. Morrison, Mr. and Mrs. Barlow Cumberland, Mr. and Mrs. George E. Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Thomas, Mr. H. C. Cox, Mrs. George A. Cox, Mr. and Mrs. Ogden and family of Toronto.

Some very interesting tennis matches were played last Friday, Saturday and Monday between Messrs. George and Frank Thompson, the Chautauqua champions, and Messrs. W. and Herbert Syer of the Anchorage. The sets on Friday were played on the Chautauqua courts, which were not in very good condition, and resulted in an easy victory for the Chautauquans, but the singles, which were played off on the beautiful courts at the Anchorage, ended very differently, the score showing Mr. H. Syer an easy winner. Some capital play was witnessed on both sides, which was duly applauded by the interested on-lookers.

Messrs. W. and H. Syer left on Wednesday for a ten days' trip up Lake Superior.

A very jolly taffy-pull was given down on the beach a few evenings ago by some of the gay young Chautauquans. The scene was quite a picturesque one. GALATEA.

PORT HOPE.

A delightful hop was given in the town hall, on Tuesday of last week, in honor of the many guests who are spending their vacation in our pretty little town. Among the ladies who graced the occasion by their presence were: Miss Sybil Seymour, Miss Hugel, Miss Charlesworth of Toronto, Miss Ruby Smith, Mrs. and Miss Clarke of Chicago, Miss Sadler of Lindsay, Miss Augustine Painchaud of Montreal, Mrs. Watt of New York, Miss Burnham, Miss Mabel Corbett, Miss Jessie Corbett, Miss Guernsey, Miss Kate Guernsey, Miss Dodge, the Misses Souden, Miss H. S. Paterson, Miss Furby, Miss Mamie Furby, Miss Calcutt, Miss Shepherd, Miss Short, Miss Stewart and Mrs. Montizambert of Port Hope, Messrs. Hamilton Clark, Cyril Read, Arthur Smith of Chicago, Ed. Read, Fred. Holland, J. McLennan of Toronto, J. McLennan of Kingston, Vernon Smith, A. B. Lefroy, W. F. Trayes, DeWitt Quay, E. J. Baird, K. Smart, Wallace Smart, F. Lander, J. S. McGillin, Col. Benson and other gentlemen were present.

Excursion to Italy.

Signor Gianelli of Toronto, at the solicitation of friends, has arranged an excursion to Genoa and back. Excursionists will have twenty-six days in Italy, will visit Pompeii, Vesuvius, Sorento, the Island of Capri and other places; will be accompanied by interpreters and provided by a courier, guides provided when needed, the same with carriages, boats and trains; the best hotels will be stopped at, and all is included in price of ticket, $450. Already quite a number are booked for the trip, which commences October 1 and ends November 21, thus covering the finest part of the Italian year.

Picturesque Prince Edward County.

Miss Helen M. Merrill of Picton has issued a pamphlet called Picturesque Prince Edward County. It is what its name suggests, a description of the beauties of the little county and contains several clever sketches and poems. It will do much to advertise Prince Edward as a summer resort for if people knew it's beauties it would be crowded in summer. If a little more care had been given to the mechanical part of the book it would have been well worth preserving.

A Fashionable Toilet Bag.

An Englishman never considers his luggage complete unless it contains a Fitted Bag, and without doubt the pleasure one derives on his travels is very great, knowing that in his bag, and taking up very little room, there is a complete dressing case.

The accompanying engraving represents one of the latest styles made, and is sold at the very reasonable price of eight dollars. There is, however, scarcely a limit to the cost of these goods, as Sterling Silver and Gold Mounted Fittings will easily run up the price to hundreds of dollars.

The above engraving and information is supplied by H. E. Clarke & Co., 105 King street west

A Good Omen.

She—Why—er—really, Mr. Champlain, the idea of my marrying you is very unexpected.
He—I am so glad!
She—So glad!
He—Yes; because the unexpected always happens.—*Puck.*

LABATT'S LONDON ALE AND STOUT

For Dietetic and Medicinal Use, the most wholesome tonics and beverages available.

Eight Medals and Ten Diplomas at the World's Great Exhibitions

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Rev. Principal Cavan, D.D., Visiting and Honorary Director
Rev. Wm. Cochrane, D.D., Governor.
Mrs. Mary Reilly, Lady Principal.

The most numerously attended Presbyterian Ladies' College in Ontario, with a Faculty of 20 members, chiefly specialists.

RE OPENS SEPTEMBER 7, 1892

Applicants for admission or for Calendars will address REV. WM. COCHRANE, D.D., Governor.

UPPER CANADA COLLEGE
(Founded 1829)
This College will re-open on
Tuesday, September 13
At 10 o'clock, for the enrolment of new pupils.

Staff of sixteen Masters. Classical, Science or Modern, Commercial. Medical and Art Departments fully equipped. Also facilities for thorough instruction in Physical Culture; Gymnasium, Cricket Fields. Large covered rink and quarter of a mile track in course of construction.

For prospectus apply to
THE PRINCIPAL,
Upper Canada College,
Deer Park, Toronto, Ont.
July 22, 1892.

CAUTION

Beware of imitations of

BABY'S OWN SOAP

The only genuine has the ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO.'s name on the wrapper on each cake.

SATURDAY 13 and MONDAY 15

CIVIC HOLIDAY

THE . . .

Toronto Bicycle Races

Club's Eleventh Annual . . .

TO BE HELD ON

THE NEW ROSEDALE GROUNDS

21 Events, 250 Entries

Including the champion, Zimmerman, and representatives of all the best American and Canadian Clubs.

Grounds Open at 2 p.m.

Races Begin at 2 30 p.m.

Admission 25c; grand stand, 25c. Seats may be reserved at Webster's Ticket Office, *Globe* Building. Plan open to-day.

Grand Excursion to Italy

By the elegant and palatial steamer "WERRA," of the Norddeutscher Lloyd Steamship Company.

LEAVING NEW YORK, OCTOBER 1st

Arriving in Genoa October 12, returning by the sister steamer "EMS" of the same line.

LEAVING GENOA NOVEMBER 9th

Allowing 26 days in Italy, October and November, two finest months in year, to visit Italy. The excursionists will arrive in time to see the great festivities that "Genoa, la superba" celebrates in honor of her son, Christopher Columbus, in commemoration of the

400th Anniversary of the Discovery of America

And the Italo-American Exhibition which closes in December. Chevalier A. M. F. Gianelli, who will accompany the party, has made arrangements that will result in making the excursion through Italy the most complete which has ever been organized on this side of the Atlantic.

A limited number of cabins have been secured for this steamer and will be kept open for sale up to the 25th of this month. Return tickets will be valid on any steamers of the North German Lloyd, via Southampton.

Price of return ticket, including first-class cabin passage and railway fares, first-class hotels, guides, carriages, etc., etc., $450.

For full particulars and explanatory circulars, address GIANELLI & CO., 37 Yonge Street, or 16 King Street West, Toronto, Ont.

AMERICAN FAIR

191 and 334 Yonge St.

TORONTO

In our August Clearing Sale all goods are marked to capture those who buy a good thing when they see it

Webster's Great Dictionary, $1.25 Well bound books, all good authors, 10c.; best cl th bound, 19c. Paper covered books, all good authors, 7c., regular price 25c. Dover Bible Gallery and other works, 95c. These last are Cassell's best edition.

Shaved soap in great variety, 10c., reduced from 25c. We will close a large consignment of beautiful Albums at less than cost of importation, and not one-half of usual cost. See them.

Boys' Safety Bicycles, $6, were $13, and with rubber tire $8, were $15 Boys' Rich Wheel, $3 50, were $7.50. Baby Carriages, $2 50, were $15. Hammocks, 50 per cent. of regular value.

Handsome Croquet Sets, 64c., worth $1.25; Toilet Paper, full 1000 sheet package, 9c., Rolls, 10c.

An immense Display of Agate Ironware Teapots, 50c., worth $1 25; Preserving Kettles at half price; best Crown and Co n Preserving Jars, pints, 85c.; quarts, 90c.; 2 quarts, $1 24.

Closing out a lot of beautiful Window Blinds, complete, 40c., worth $1 25. Curtain new designs 50 best French goods, at less than half usual price.

Store closes at 6.30 p.m., except Saturday evening, open until 10.30 p.m. Come and see.

W. H. BENTLEY

To My Patrons and the Public Generally:

Special inducements are now offered for the next 60 days for Light Scotch Tweed Suitings, of which I have just received a large consignment, and invite your inspection.

HENRY A. TAYLOR

No. 1 Rossin House Block, Toronto

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

Run a THROUGH SLEEPER on the 9 p.m. Express

Tuesday and Friday

Through the White Mountains by Daylight to

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AND THE

MAINE COAST

And Through Sleeper Every Night to Kingston Wharf, making direct connection with the Mail Steamers to MONTREAL, QUEBEC, THE SAGUENAY.

Baggage examined at the Union Station.

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Ss. CARMONA

This large and commodious electric-lighted side wheel steamer will leave Toronto and Charlotte this season, leaving Toronto every

Tuesday and Thursday at 9 p.m.

Satur ay at 10 p.m.

Making direct connections with Rochester for New York and all points East.

Returning, leaving Charlotte every

Wednesday, Friday and Sunday at 8 p.m.

This boat has large state room accommodation, fine cabin and every convenience for passenger travel.

Tickets and freight rates may be obtained at

W. A. GEDDES, 69 Yonge Street, or on Wharf.

P. S.—Steamer leaves for Niagara (for excursions) on Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

Apply to— F. McINTYRE, 24 Yonge Street

Steamers Garden City and Lakeside

Daily for Port Dalhousie, St. Catharines and Grimsby Park. Leave Milloy's Wharf for Port Dalhousie and St. Catharines at 7 a.m., 2 p.m. and 7 p.m.; for Grimsby Park at 12 (noon) only. Wednesdays and Saturdays, 12 o'clock boat for Grimsby leaves at 2 p.m., and 7 p.m. boat for St. Catharines leaves at 2 30 p.m. Wednesday and Saturday excursions at 2 p.m. Return fare 50c Saturday tickets good to return Monday.

Regular fare to Grimsby Park, 75c.; for those returning same day, 50c. Regular fare to St. Catharines, $1 25; for those going on the 3 p.m. boat and returning the same day, 75c.

The steamer GARDEN CITY can be chartered for Moonlight excursions at reasonable rates.

SOCIAL HOP

HOTEL LOUISE, LORNE PARK

(Full Orchestra. F. T. Jennings, Leader.)

$2.50 Saturday to Monday

Queen's Royal Hotel

NIAGARA-ON-THE-LAKE

NOW OPEN FOR THE SEASON

This beautiful summer resort is a branch of the Queen's Hotel, Toronto. It is situated in a private park on the shore of Lake Ontario and the mouth of the Niagara River. Hops every Saturday evening during the season. For terms and illustrated circular apply to

MCLAW & WINNETT,
Queen's Royal, Niagara-on-the-Lake.

ROYAL CROWN TABLE WATER

Godes-berger.

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND.

The *Court Circular*, London, July 2, '92:

To those who study sanitary science, and we are glad to say there are thousands upon thousands who now do so, at any rate in an elementary form, the drinking of pure water is one of the first necessities of health. Many of the leading physicians have lately decanted strongly upon the subject in consequence of the impossibility of drinking ordinary London water, and they very rightly insist that a perfect table water must be free from organic matter. We have lately had occasion to our notice the natural mineral water supplied to Her Majesty known as "Godes berger," which in every respect fulfils the required conditions. The testimony of the highest analytical authorities is overwhelming, not only as to its purity, but as to its positive superiority over other table waters. Professor Wanklyn and Professor Redwood are alike agreed on the subject, and the latter is equally strong as to "Godesberger," being entirely free from organic matter. We have personally tested its purity, and can aver, that in addition to its absolute purity, it is the most palatable and pleasant table water of the many on the market, and in our opinion it has no equal. One of the strongest points in its favor is that it is a natural water which is bottled as it flows from the spring near the old castle of Godesberg, opposite the seven mountains of the Rhine. It must also be self-evident that a water which is recommended by Her Majesty's medical advisers must surely be good enough for her subjects.

Some Remarkable Dreams.

The Royal Book of Dreams gives the following remarkable account of a true dream: "In the night of the 11th of May, 1812, Mr. Williams of Scorrior House, near Redruth, in Cornwall, awoke his wife and, exceedingly agitated, told her that he had dreamt he was in the lobby of the House of Commons, and saw a man shoot with a pistol a gentleman who had just entered the lobby, who was said to be the Chancellor; to which Mrs. Williams suggested it was only a dream, and recommended her husband to go to sleep again. He did so, but shortly after awoke her once more, saying that he had a second time dreamt the same dream. This occurred yet a third time, upon which Mr. Williams, although it was yet early, arose and dressed himself.

"Next day Mr. Tucker of Tremanton Castle, a relative, arrived at the house on a visit, and to him Mr. Williams related his dream, giving minute particulars as to the appearance and dress of the characters of his vision. Mr. Tucker replied that the description given did not tally with that of the Chancellor, but exactly fitted that of Mr. Perceval, then Chancellor of the Exchequer. Enquiring if his friend was acquainted with the personality of the latter gentleman, Mr. Williams assured him that he had never seen him, nor had he ever been in the House of Commons in his life.

"While they were speaking they heard a horse gallop to the door of the house, and immediately afterwards a son of Mr. Williams entered the room, saying he had galloped from Truro, having seen a gentleman there who had come from town by mail, and who had been in the lobby of the House of Commons on the evening of the 11th, when a man called Bellingham had shot Mr. Perceval. Six weeks after, on going to the House of Commons, Mr. Williams found the lobby, which he had never before seen, to correspond exactly to the appearance in his dream, and he pointed out the exact spot where the event took place. The dress, both of Bellingham and Mr. Perceval, agreed exactly with the description given by Mr. Williams, even to the most minute particulars."

The two following instances (for the truth of which he vouches) are related by Dr. Abercrombie in his Intellectual Powers:

"A Scotch clergyman, who lived near Edinburgh, dreamt one night, when on a visit in that town, that he saw a fire, and one of his children in the midst of it. On awaking he instantly got up and returned home with the greatest speed. He found his house on fire, and was just in time to assist in saving one of his children, who, in the alarm, had been left in a place of danger."

"Two sisters had been for some days attending a sick brother, and one of them had borrowed a watch from a friend. They were sleeping together in a room communicating with that of their brother, when the elder awoke in great agitation to tell her sister that she had had a frightful dream. 'I dreamt,' she said, 'that Mary's watch had stopped, and that when I told you you replied, "Worse than that has happened, for ——'s breath has stopped also!"' (naming their sick brother). The watch however was found to be going correctly and the brother sleeping quietly. The dream recurred the next night, and on the following morning, one of the sisters having occasion to seal a note, went to get the watch from a writing desk in which she had deposited it, when she found that it had stopped. She rushed into her brother's room in alarm, remembering her dream, and found that he had been suddenly seized with a fit of suffocation and had expired."

Fin De Siecle.

Perdito—Are you going to accept him, Pen?

Penelope—I really don't know, dear. Bradstreet reports very favorably on him, but the detectives have not completed their investigations yet.

Accepted his Offer.

"Can't I sell you that monkey, sir?" said the fancier.

"No, indeed, you can't. I'd give ten dollars not to have him."

"Thank you kindly, sir. Where shall I send the bill?"

His State.

"Do you mean to say, Mr. Drybird, that you don't carry a latch-key? I should think, of all men in the world, you would need one."

"It's no use to me. I couldn't use one if I had it."

Matter of Fact.

"Here," said the proof-reader, "this doesn't read right. You say the man was 'looking disconsolately at the last dollar in his pocket.' He couldn't be looking at it if it was in his pocket."

"That's so," replied the disaster editor. "Make it read this way: 'Was looking disconsolately through the hole in his pocket at the last dollar therein.'"

A Subterranean Warning.

Conneff (who is unaware that Hafferty is in the hole)—Sure, Oi t'ought we thrilled it deeper than thot yesterday.

Hafferty—Hoy, boy! Th' ould 'oman bores me head enough widout youse tekin' a hand.

Two Sides to Consider.

Wife (from the window at one a.m., to tipsy husband)—Well, what's your excuse for coming home at this hour?

Husband—Let me in, M'ria. Just come from the meeting of the labor union. Been considering what we'd do about the recent strike.

Wife—Well, you just sit down on the doorstep and consider what you'll do about the recent lockout.

A Bad Case.

Lusher (the tramp, to professor natural history)—What yer lost, pard?

Professor natural history—Why, I saw a very curious sort of a snake here just a minute ago.

Lusher (who has seen curious reptiles too, in very awed tones)—Yo ain't a-tryin' t' find him agin, are yo, pard?

One of the Seven Sleepers.

We had a domestic once who had just arrived from Europe, and her rest had been broken up on the steamer, she said, by the gaiety of the first cabin and the routs and balls which she could not get out of very well without giving offence. Her name was Tootie Tooterson, and I afterward learned that her rest on board was marred by a restless elephant that occupied the stateroom next to hers, and not by the gaiety of the first cabin at all, as she was not in touch with same.

Slept very soundly while at our house as cook, and irritated me by neglecting to get up in time for breakfast. The life of a cook is such that unless she gets up prior to her breakfast and takes some exercise she is sure to get ossification of the thought ganglia and coma of the diapason.

So we got an alarm clock for her and set it on four o'clock. It was one of those alarm clocks which fetch loose in the early gray of morning like a misunderstanding between a sybophonic conclave and a boiler works, but Tootie Tooterson, tired and full of fatigue and raw-dried apples, of which she was passionately fond, slept on and on and on.

An actor man who went abroad for the purpose of doing up Henry Irving on his own ground, came home on the same steamer with Tootie. He had the stateroom prior to or forward of the elephant, while Tootie was abaft. He said that in proportion to her size she was every bit as seasick as the elephant was. So he was sorry for us when he learned that a frowning providence had selected us for the purpose of refitting and refurnishing and also doing the interior decorating of her famine works. She was really hungry, with a tendency toward dried apples in a raw state, preferring those that had been dried on a string. Not being familiar with the English language, she often neglected sometimes to cut the string, and thus Oliver Twisted had his hands full, and Tootie would moan in her sleep. But she did not wake up, even when the hand-to-hand struggle with the alarm clock came. Even the fire department and police waked up, but Tootie did not. She kicked out another round from the foot of her bed and slept on with her accustomed vigor and, so I am told.

I never saw any one sleep harder or shake the scot down from the inside of the chimney any more than she did. Even after she got to putting the alarm clock in her bed, and it got to pulling the straw out of the mattress and scattering the linen over the room at four o'clock, she slept as calmly and almost as unruffledly as though she had been in the morgue.

I am sorry that she lost her mind, of course, but I feel worse for the person who found it; for once when she was cooking for us, and also taking care of the house, she dusted my mantel, and, not understanding our language, at least fully as to idioms, etc., she drank my lung medicine at one time and left in its place a similar bottle containing a rare little lizard in alcohol, which my little daughter had arranged for her collection. I did not notice the lizard till the bottle got quite low, as it was a small lizard and quiet, being dead, but it has cast a shadow over my whole life and turned my love for lung medicine into loathing.—*Bill Nye in N. Y. World.*

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Births.

BANKIER—Aug. 5, Mrs. F. M. Bankier—a son.
COOPER—July 27, Mrs. A. E. Cooper—a son.
CRONYN—Aug. 5, Mrs. H. B. Cronyn—a son.
DENISON—Aug. 7, Mrs Reginald Denison—a son.
MASON—Aug. 4, Mrs. Percival Mason—a daughter.
PRIMROSE—Aug. 9, Mrs. Alex. Primrose—a daughter.
WEBBER—Aug. 7, Mrs. B. C. Webber—a son.
ANDERSON—Aug. 3, Mrs. R. Anderson—a son.
MALCOLM—July 30, Mrs. T. G. Malcolm—a son.
LEMON—July 26, Mrs. G. H. Lemon—a son.
MACKENZIE—July 19, Mrs. H. G. Mackenzie—a daughter.
ARMSTRONG—July 31, Mrs. W. Armstrong—a son.
REID—Aug. 3, Mrs. J. D. Reid—a daughter.
MARLING—Aug. 4, Mrs. Percy Marling—a daughter.
REDMAN—July 30, Mrs. H. E. Redman—a son.
ROBB—Aug. 4, Mrs. James A. Robb—a daughter.
STRONG—July 31, Mrs. Arthur D. Strong—a daughter.

Marriages.

LYON—DOWNES—On Aug. 9, at the residence of the bride's father, by Rev. G. W. Wye, Ephraim Lyon of Buffalo, N.Y., to Ada Margaret, second daughter of Geo. G. Downes of Toronto.
FLACK—MacLEAN—August 3, Ulysses Flack to Kate W. MacLean.
SERVICE—BROWN—July 21, W. A. Service to Kathleen Brown.
McREATH—ROTTIER—August 6, Charles J. McReath to Violet Rottier.
BARNES—McNEILL—August 3, Guy Ulysses Barnes to Olista May McNeill.
BOWERS—BLAKE—July 15, Rev. Herbert Bowers to Emilie Blake.

Deaths.

ELLIOTT—August 9, Rev. James Elliott—aged 76.
DONALDSON—June 29, John W. Donaldson—aged 21.
KLOTZ—August 8, Elizabeth Klotz—aged 73.
ROSE—July 31, Priscilla Rose—aged 79
WILSON—August 6, Sir Daniel Wilson—aged 76.
HASTINGS—August 6, William Hastings—aged 66
McKIM—August 6, Robert McKim—aged 67.
BUTLER—July 30, Herbert Boyer Butler—aged 20.
COGHLAN—August 5, W. R. Coghlan—aged 52.
HOEY—August 7, Alexander Hoey—aged 32
McQUARRY—August 6, George J. McQuarry—aged 17.
STORCH—August 6, Frederick Storch—aged 21.
YEATS—August 6, Mrs Peter Yeats—aged 74.
DUNCAN—July 28, Maggie Duncan—aged 34.
STORM—August 8, William George Storm—aged 65.

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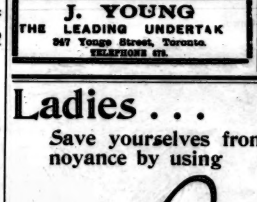

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About the Author of Kathleen Mavourneen.

"One of my happiest hours in Bohemia," writes the poet Robert Rexdale in the Boston *Herald*, "I recall a meeting with the venerable composer of Kathleen Mavourneen. It was at a gathering of musical and literary people in the old seaport city of Portland.

"The occasion, I remember, was in honor of the eightieth birthday of Prof. F. Nicholls Crouch, who had journeyed from his Southern home, 'green walled by the hills of Maryland,' to celebrate this auspicious event with friends of lang syne. It was made all the more memorable, too, because of the presence among the guests of the poetess Caroline Dana Howe, who wrote Leaf by Leaf the Roses Fall.

"Possibly there are many who have not heard that Portland was once the home of both these brilliant song-writers, and to those ignorant of the period concerning which I write, let me say those were rare old days in Maine's chief city when Crouch first knew it, anterior to prohibitive legislation and its brood of ill-conditioned things. Here in the stranger's land, upon his arrival from England, the composer found a welcome broad and deep among the ruling spirits of the time. It is certain he owed much of that welcome to his beautiful song, full of the heart-break, the sweet, weird music of an ancient race, haunting the ear like the cry of the banshee in the stillness of an Irish night.

"Old friends of Crouch have given me a picture of his splendid manhood at that time; and at eighty, even, when I met him in a delightful corner of Bohemia, he retained in a wonderful degree the impress of a strong personality, while his lustrous dark eyes, that Cassius-like seemed to look quite through the deeds of men, had not lost their power of fascination. He impressed one as being at least twenty years younger, was keen of intellect, loved a well turned witticism, and his manner had all the courtliness of the old school."

Before and After.

Citizen—You were named after George Washington, weren't you, Mr. Johnson?

George Washington Johnson—Yes, sah. Yo' didn't spect I was named befo' him, did yo'?

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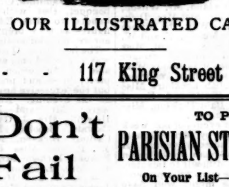

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